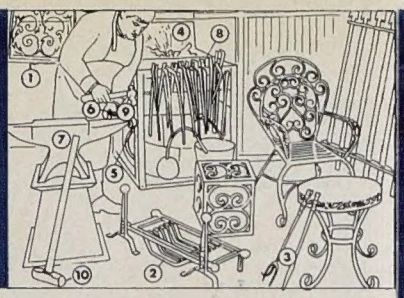
11 JUNE 1966 2s 6d

london life

HESTON FIGHTS FOR GORDON

PLUS LONDON'S BEST GUIDE TO WHAT'S ON

THE WROUGHT IRON WORKER



MOST VILLAGE SMITHS are able to make simple domestic articles such as fire screens **1**, fire baskets **2**, and hearth furniture **3**. Comparatively few businesses remain, however, which are capable of forging massive yet intricately worked double entrance gates, ornately formed altar rails, church screens, and complex inn signs and weather vanes.

Such a forge is to be found in Ickleford in Hertfordshire, a village two miles north of Hitchin on the route of the ancient British trackway, the Icknield Way. Here in premises once used for the weaving of tapestries, craftsmen employed by Lesley Olney and David Pither, fashion decorative metalwork of every description. Address: Olney and Newbury Ltd., Ickleford, Hitchin, Herts. (Shell Touring Map No. 3 from your dealer.)

The art of blacksmithing had its beginnings in myth and legend. From antiquity we hear of Thor, the son of Odin, hurling his magic hammer at demons to demolish them, and of Zeus forging fetters of wedlock on Mount Olympus. The craft existed in Britain before the Romans came. It flourished in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries in Sussex, the Weald of Kent and the Forest of Dean.

Today, the village smithy has lost something of its romantic appeal. The leather bellows laboriously pumped by hand now rarely exist. In their place electrically driven fans give a more controlled blast and leave hands free for other things. The smithy is now rarely dark and smoke-laden. It is more likely to be light, airy and modern.

The techniques employed, however, remain the same. The tough, rigescent and unyielding bar of iron is heated to the required temperature in the fierce concentrated heat of the coal or coke breeze fire **4**. The glowing bar **5**, now firmly held **6**, is deftly swung across to the steel anvil **7**. Short lengths have to be held in tongs **8**. There it is hammered into shape **9**. On heavier work a sledge **10** is used by the smith's striker.

Decorative features used on wrought ironwork include flowing scrolls, a variety of hot and cold twists, and delicately ribbed and curled water acanthus leaves. Many of these features are seen in the ornate fire screen **1**.

The workshops are open from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays, from 9 a.m. to 12 noon on Saturdays and at other times by appointment. England and Wales have many such skilled craftsmen bringing centuries-old traditional techniques to bear upon modern production problems. You can write for a list to the Rural Industries Bureau, 35 Camp Road, Wimbledon Common, London, S.W.19.

Also, the free monthly leaflet '*Go Shell*,' covering local events and information in your area, is available from your nearest Shell station.

Illustration : Barry Driscoll

Visit our Country Crafts—Go Shell

SHELL

INSIDE

Lord Harewood will be the first member of the Royal Family ever to become a commercial theatre impresario if negotiations he is having at the moment with producer James Lawrie are successful. The play that has aroused the Earl's interest so much that he is willing to consider venturing into Shaftesbury Avenue is an adaptation of E M Forster's *Howard's End.* Adapted by Lance Sieveking and Richard Cottrell, with Forster's blessing, the play has had a short provincial tour last year, and is now planned for the West End in September. Rehearsals under director Frith Banbury are due to start in late August.

LONDON LIFE
INCORPORATING THE TATLER

Charlton Heston stars as General Gordon in Khartoum, *a new epic film that promises us personalities as well as spectacle. The men and the film* – *page 32*

Lisa Shane is a tall, attractive Irish girl, with an accent that becomes more pronounced as she gets excited. She is one of the Take-Over Girls – *page 20*

Paul McCartney, with The Beatles, is in a gay mood. After many months of publicity-shunning, the famous group has cut a new disc. See page 12

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ALSO! AND EVERY WEEK! Our easy-to-follow guide to everything that makes London the hub of entertainment ... its night life, the theatre, the cinema, music, ballet, opera, art galleries, restaurants and sport ... beginning on page 43

A Grenadier Major, anxious to see a ceremony last month, found himself a meter on Horse Guards Avenue in the nick of time – but no sixpences. Officer-like, he whipped out a half-crown and taped it to the windscreen with a note to the wardens. Some hours later, he wearily traced the car to a remote police pound. "Here you are sir," said the constable in charge "your receipt for £2 towing fee, your parking ticket, and this half-crown we found on the bonnet."

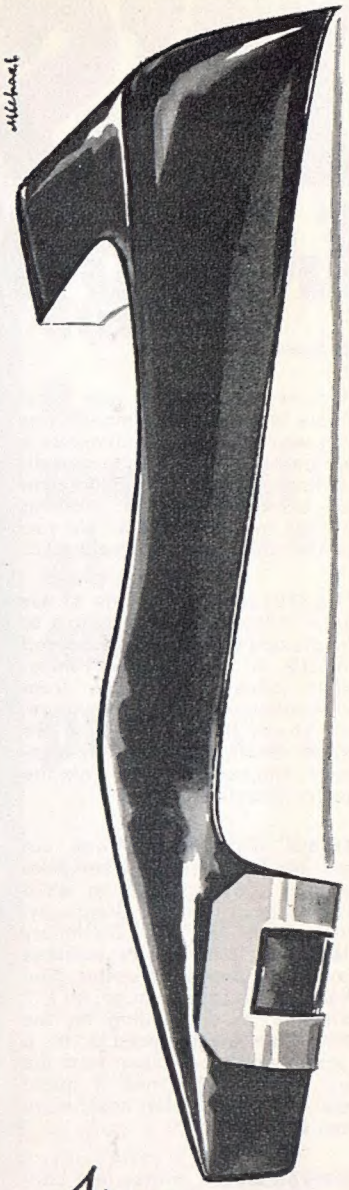
Billy Graham, known among other things for his physical fitness (he took a physical fitness course in America before coming here), is planning a two mile run in Hyde Park soon, no doubt to keep up the good work. His curriculum allows half an hour off each day for regular exercise, but according to a spokesman, "this is not for publicity."

Sotheby's special sale of veteran cars and machinery to be held on 9 July at the Montagu Motor Museum, Beaulieu, has some spectacularly trendy lots: a "Madame Neville" Fortune-telling machine, a "Pussy" penny-in-the-slot shooting gallery, and "The Artillery Duel", a penny-in-the-slot shooting game for two competitors. Also: three Bugattis, six Rolls-Royces, a horse-drawn fire-engine and 60 bicycles.

"The Stage" last week carried an advertisement for Chinese Kung-Fu Karate, a mail-order course in unarmed mayhem supplied by Honourable Master Leong Fu, of Ipoh, Malaysia. "You learn," persuaded the copy, "to outwit, out-fight ... not just one or two, but three, four, five or even a small mob of armed hoodlums." Indispensable to anyone in London show business.

The Department of Education and Science is conducting a large-scale investigation into the users and uses of public reference

continued overleaf



It's "in" for Summer 1966 – buckled, with that funny little heel — comes in black patent or white calf — name of shoe "Jackie"

Bally
LONDON SHOE

NEW BOND STREET W1 · OLD BOND STREET W1
REGENT STREET W1 · SLOANE STREET SW1
KING'S ROAD SW3 · GOLDERS GREEN NW11
ALSO KING STREET MANCHESTER

INSIDE LONDON LIFE

continued

libraries: if you visit your local library in London this month, you may well be asked to complete a two-page, 11-question document, starting with your principal reason for being there and working through to the end with "did you get the information you required?"

The Queen has lent one of her large collection of Canaletto's to the present exhibition at Kenwood on *Life in 18th-Century Venice*: other loans have come from Glyndebourne, a set of furniture, two chairs that belonged to Sir Walter Scott, lent by his descendants, and various items from the Correr Museum, Venice.

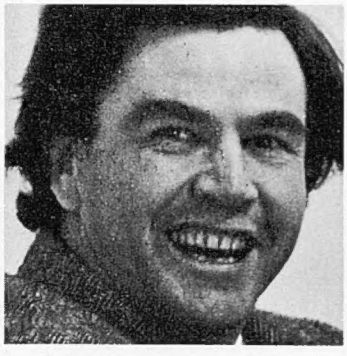
Oxford University Press are considering plans for a complete revision of the 24-million word Dictionary of National Biography. Publication of the Dictionary started in 1885, and 27 volumes have been produced so far. The Warden of Rhodes House, Mr E T Williams, is still toiling on the 28th. The main obstacle to a complete revision – apart from the two or three lifetimes it might take – is the projected cost: more than £400,000.

Evelyne Dorat, whose last London appearance was at Edmundo Ros' club a few months ago, is back here to make a second LP for Saga Records' Society label. The first, *Ma Vie*, is being released

this month, and is effectively a tribute to Piaf. *Mylord, La Vie Rose, Je ne Regrette Rien* and other songs associated with Piaf fill both sides. Mlle Dorat certainly doesn't look like the sparrow, though.

Dr Bernard Verdourt, a Kew botanist, has just led a noble rescue effort. With a team of fellow-conchologists (people interested in shells and their occupants) he has removed a 400-strong colony of rare snails, *Lacinaria biplicata,* from a site near Barnes Bridge and transferred them to the grounds of Chiswick House and to Eton College. Developers threatened to slap up a building on top of the snails at Barnes.

Designer Digby Bridges built himself a hi-fi unit "for fun, really," he says. Last week Terence Conran bought it as a stock line for his Habitat stores. Bridges, a qualified architect, is having one



of these lucky years. Rings he designed are now *de rigueur* in Chelsea – Jill Kennington was his last customer; he has had a major hand in George Harrison's discothèque, Sibylla's, which opens next month; and former Housing Minister Sir Keith Joseph has a Bridges-designed kitchen. Next spring, Bridges is to have a one-man show at a West End Gallery – of his paintings.

Ernest Raymond's 50th book is to be published this month by Cassells. His first was the best-selling Tell England, *the 50th is called* The Mountain Farm. *To maintain the family output, both his wife Diana and son Patrick are also novelists.*

Blossom Dearie will be back here at the end of the month for her third London cabaret season in less than a year. For the second time, she will play a month at Ronnie Scott's Club, sharing the bill with the Alan Haven Duo. British organist Haven has himself just returned from a successful American tour.

Eddie Ugboma, Nigeria's leading pop-show promoter, has been in London desperately trying to book British stars for West African tours. Although he has signed Georgie Fame and Adam Faith, and has previously presented Millie, Jackie Edwards and Danny Williams, he complains that "British agents and managers don't seem to be interested in West Africa. The Americans are much keener – I have just signed Chubby Checker."

Cilla Black's recent cabaret season at the Savoy was filmed in colour. Rediffusion are to televise the film – regrettably, of course, in black and white – on 13 July as *Cilla At The Savoy*. Brian Epstein has been in America negotiating for its transmission there.

Near the Cutty Sark in Greenwich, the most famous English clipper of them all, there is a restaurant called the Spanish Galleon: a Chinese restaurant

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Dame Peggy Ashcroft is to be the President of a new London festival – the Croydon Drama Festival. It will be held in the first week of June 1967, for the first time – at the Ashcroft Theatre, Croydon. An appeal for "founder patrons" has just gone out, although the Festival is intended to become commercially self-supporting once under way.

Grosvenor Square's south side is to have a new hotel. Planned by Grand Metropolitan, who already own the Europa on the north side, the £2 million building will start rising this winter. It is to have 350 rooms, should be finished by 1968, and has been designed by the architects responsible for Centre Point.

Jean Burton-Rout, some of whose paintings and prints were on sale at the Bal Masque at Grosvenor House last Tuesday, has just returned from an intensive season's painting in Majorca.

"I have orders," she says, "for at least 25,000 prints from all over the world, including one contract to supply a print for each flat of a giant block here in England." Miss Burton-Rout's paintings are usually of Spain, highly colourful and strongly composed. "I do not go to galleries," she says, "because I don't want my style to change at all."

The GLC, without great publicity, have just replaced a number of the lamp-posts along the Victoria Embankment with Dolphin lamps. The first Dolphin lamps were designed for the Embankment in 1850 and another batch were erected in 1933, at a cost of £480 each. The 38 just erected have cost £1,300 each – making a total of nearly £50,000 for the job.

Derren Nesbitt, who has just opened with Wilfred Brambell in *Do Not Pass Go* at the Hampstead Theatre, is likely to get a big career boost overnight at the end of the month, when *The Blue Max* is premiered. Nesbitt plays Fabian, a German pilot, and is said to give star George Peppard strong competition. His previous best film

performance was probably as Kim Novak's drunken husband in *Moll Flanders*, although he is a familiar face on television. He is also a devoted amateur photographer – and our picture of him was in fact taken by Nesbitt, using a lead to operate the shutter.

Hugh Maclean's car-number locking service (London Life 28 May) *has attracted a heavy mail: among the inquirers – disc-jockey Simon Dee. Dee wants to trace PDJ 1: "It will stand," he says, "for Pirate Disc Jockey Number One"*

The Ministry of Housing, after four years pressure from the LCC and then the GLC, has agreed to schedule 64 houses in Harley Street, Upper Wimpole Street and Devonshire Place for preservation. The block includes the homes of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Edmund Burke and the Duchess of Wellington, and has the highest concentration of blue plaques in London.

Louis Manson, recently appointed a director of Cope Allman International, not only made it to the top in record time – he's been there six months as legal officer – but got the job in a highly unorthodox way. His wife, Pamela Manson, manages Ray Martine and Tsai Chin, and Mr Manson challenged her to do some managing for him. Secretly, she advertised her husband as a hot proposition in *The Times* Personal Column – and got a keen reply from Cope Allman's Leonard Matcham. At which point she handed back to her husband the management of his career.

There comes a moment at every party...

. . . when one just sits out, as they say; When the party happens to be on a barge, sitting out becomes more of a problem. Film writer John Lucarotti and solicitor Geoff Abrahams decided to give a joint birthday party this year on board *Jason*, the barge moored at Little Venice, and used for sightseeing trips along the Regent's Canal. More than 60 young people – writers, artists, pop singers, film producers – turned up, and the party started floating. Later in the evening the weather grew decidedly chilly, and though dancing continued artist Peter Schmidt and friend found a pleasing way to sit out and keep warm at the same time.

Picture by John Benton Harris

PARTY TIME

At the opening of **John Gold's** new club, the Chi Chi in Ryder Street, St James's, actor **Laurence Harvey,** film producer **Brad Dexter** and model **Pauline Stone.**

Diana Dors and **Jess Conrad** at the Chi Chi party.

The Hon Angus Ogilvy at the first view of Devonshire Street House, which the National Association of Youth Clubs has made into a residential centre for members and members of affiliated clubs.

party was given at the London Hilton for **Barbara Shearer,** who is
ss Liberty Bell from Philadelphia. With her, and the bell itself, is **David Rymer**
otel pageboy.

At the opening of his exhibition, painter **Pietro Annigoni,** with actress **Eva Bartok.**

slie **Caron** arrives at Emma's Discotheque (the lower deck of the
rdarm Club) for a party given to celebrate the opening of Polanski's film
de Sac.

THE LONDON I LOVE

London Life begins a new series . . . impressions of The London I Love by visitors to what is still the world's capital city. This week KARIN HART talks to the world-famous author of *The Adventurers,* who sees London as a city with "an impulse that 'turns on' every street scene, every bistro, every place I go here." His name:

Harold Robbins

IN the last two years, Harold Robbins' books have been read by seven out of every 10 members of the British book-reading public. *The Carpetbaggers*, published here in 1964, sold over 1,500,000 copies in England. Others, like *The Dream Merchants*, have sold over 500,000 copies. In 24 months his British royalties have exceeded £175,000.

Like all his books, his latest, *The Adventurers*, published here as a paperback this month, reflects true sympathy with people – in this case, the fast-loving, high-living people of the international set. Mr Robbins *is* a man of the people – *all* people. Even in the simplest forms, his own communication with the world around him is one of plain-speaking terms. He emerges as a man whose first and truest impulse is to identify, sympathise with, and understand the person he is talking to.

And this is the focus he chooses in any setting – people. And he chooses it with special savour on the streets of London. Here, there is a basic quality that excites him in the faces of London, and the paces set by London life; it is a quality he calls "new vitality."

"This is a vibrant, electrical thing," he says. "An impulse that 'turns on' every street scene, every bistro, every place I go here."

Harold Robbins will not designate a single vista: "It's *all* of it – the whole population of this town emotes excitement. If I were to try to say 'it's all there in King's Road, or in Piccadilly Circus,' the next corner I turned would give the lie to my words."

Liberated

What Harold Robbins sees in Londoners he sees mostly in *young* Londoners. "Young Britons will not be written off! Even though the world is shrinking, and the Empire with it, they refuse to be confined – either by it or by the traditions which once formed it – and somehow still cling to the crumbling edges. These kids are churning – they are determined to engage themselves in something, to create and refine – on their own new terms and with their own liberated ideas. . . ."

Over the last 10 years, Robbins has observed the change. Though he has been coming to London since 1946, when he first negotiated an agreement for Universal Pictures with J Arthur Rank, he theorises that the reaction – and that's what he calls it – started in the mid-fifties. . . . "You could see it all the while if you were looking."

Robbins is *always* looking. "It was a drift of influences that began to exude from London, spreading slowly over the entire Western culture . . . in films, in dress, in arts, in thinking. It was all *modern*. And that surprised the rest of us. So much so that some of us refused to see it. But it's unavoidable now! Britons are alive – and to the rest of the world, Londoners *are* Britons."

Robbins editorialises easily on the feeling he experiences on a London street: "There's a contrast of attitudes that especially catches my eye. You see it best in the early morning, watching the people going to work – window-washers with ladders on their shoulders, shopgirls and office-workers – if they're young, they show this enthusiasm. And if they are not so young, they still seem to catch some of it, or at least reflect it, as the crowd moves along. It's a catchy rhythm. Then you see the same people at night, coming home, or going out to theatres, parties, dinner – it's still there – a very special, very British, very *London* vitality. They are committing themselves to today and tomorrow – yesterday is newly relinquished, and as if it was a great burden, they move with a new momentum."

Harold Robbins, now 50 years old, educated himself; he once worked as an errand boy, then shop-assistant, cashier, bookie's runner, and ice-cream vendor. He has not dabbled in "the people" – he has known the people, where the people are found. He has been one of them.

Now life unrolls on a higher plateau, but the people are still there. Robbins' wife Grace, and his two-year-old daughter, make up the Robbins family, their home changing its scene from season to season, from Cannes for half the year, to the US the other half.

Perhaps it is this latest *milieu* which has strongly influenced Robbins' choice of "the people" in his latest book.

But he has not gone highbrow. Beneath the gloss and glitter of more recent subject matter, his preoccupation with "the people" still runs strong. It is the kind of fixation which does not flicker beneath the surface currents of an author's life.

His success

Still, Robbins seems destined to maintain his latest life-level. Before *The Adventurers* was even written, he had received £350,000 from producer Joe Levene for the film rights. Recently he has received £50,000 for the British book rights and a seven-year contract with the New English Library for his next four books. In America, he is planning a television series based on *The Dream Merchants*.

All this spells the word "success" – a fearsome phenomenon which has seen the demise of more than one great author in the past. But Harold Robbins' success might well be termed one that was "of the people, by the people, for the people."

Table talk between American author Harold Robbins (right) and publisher Gareth Powell (opposite) at a party given at Le Prince in Bruton Place to launch Robbins' new novel "The Adventurers." On Mr Powell's left is Mrs Harold Robbins.

WHAT TOP PEOPLE WILL EAT AT ASCOT

Everything is ready for that stately jamboree of the Turf, Ascot Week, which begins next Tuesday. The 1,650 reserved stall seats and 280 private boxes have all been allocated in the Queen Elizabeth grandstand. And the formalities of applying to St James's Palace for admission to the Royal Ascot Enclosure have been completed.

Given fine weather, the Queen will drive up the course on all four days. She will lunch at Windsor Castle, and have tea at Ascot.

Behind the organisation of the races – the Gold Cup, Royal Hunt Cup, Wokingham Stakes, Ascot Stakes – there have been the annual pre-meeting catering preparations. For the Grandstand Enclosure, a catering firm has organised: 500 lb of finest quality smoked salmon, 5,000 gulls' eggs, 2,000 lobsters, 7,500 lb of finest strawberries, 500 gallons of double cream, 10,000 cigars and 6,000 bottles of vintage champagne.

The menu for the Royal Enclosure will vary each day, and will include turkey, roast sirloin, sugar-baked York ham, Scotch salmon, lobster, strawberries and cream, and other delights.

From Tuesday to Friday, the races come under the heading of "Royal Meeting." Thursday is Ladies' Day, with its fashionable parade of hats and dresses. The fifth day, Saturday, is Ascot Heath day, and an ordinary race meeting.

The private boxes are leased annually, prices ranging from 285 guineas to 500 guineas, depending on the position and size of the box. Each box, of course, has its own private viewing balcony and private dining room.

Ascot Week has become an institution, since Queen Anne inaugurated racing there in 1711. Value of the first race – on Saturday, 11 August, that year – was 50 guineas to the winner. Apart from the vast increase in prize money, the Ascot tradition has not changed overmuch.

DAVID WYNNE-MORGAN

NOEL Coward, who at 66 should have just completed his first year of retirement by current Welfare State standards, this week made his first concession to age. Sitting in his elegant dressing-room at the Queen's Theatre wearing his shoes, his socks, his underpants and nothing else, he told me: "I have decided not to appear in cabaret again. Flouncing up and down stairs at my age is a little ungainly."

Currently starring in a full-length play and two one-act plays, all of which he wrote himself in the course of the last 12 months, he is now planning a similar three-month season of the same productions on Broadway in the autumn, and then wants to write a further volume of his autobiography as well as another full-length play.

Speaking in the same clipped tones that have either enthralled or irritated the world's theatregoers in the past 45 years, he said: "Retirement, dear boy, is definitely not on my agenda. Eventually, I suppose, circumstances will force me to give up acting on the stage or screen, but I hope to go on writing to the end." It was quite clear that he intended to postpone the end for as long as possible. "I regret nothing in my life, even if it has not all been undiluted bliss. I enjoy it now, madly, perhaps more madly than ever."

Golden years

Present Indicative, the first volume of his autobiography, covered his life until 1931. The second, *Future Indefinite*, covered the war years. "Now," he told me, "I want to write about the '30s. They were full years and good years. They deserve to be recorded." The '30s were when Coward was at the height of his powers; he not only captured the spirit of the decade, but he recorded it for posterity. The timelessness of his appeal is one of the secrets of his success.

I was brought up on *Private Lives* – "a very proper and highly digestible diet for any young man," said Coward. My mother remembers him starring in it with Gertrude Lawrence as if it were yesterday. This week she saw him play the part of an ageing homosexual in *A Song At Twilight*, and for her, and all her generation, it was a magic-carpet ride of instant travel back into the '30s.

For her it was nostalgic; for those of us who are too young to remember those days, it was still an experience. Old-fashioned it may be, but it was still expertise of the highest order.

The life game is something Coward intends to enjoy until the final whistle. He left hospital in Lausanne recently against doctor's orders to start rehearsing his current West End season. "I just could not bear being ill in French any longer," he said.

The recipe

"I am careful with myself. I spend all the time I am not on stage conserving my vitality. I do not do daily exercises or anything like that – it is far too dangerous. I get eight hours' sleep every night by hook or by crook, and usually by crook."

Before I left we got on to the subject of what really makes a star. It was a subject very dear to his heart, since he knows only too well that he is one. "There is no formula," said Coward. "There is simply something in their make-up that gives them an almost eternal magic. Neither I nor anyone else knows what it is."

You do not really need telling, Mr Coward, but in your case it is quite simply genius – sheer, bitter-sweet genius.

Heather Mayhew, a 30-year-old Kensington housewife, is holding later this months the most novel art exhibition to be held in London for many years. It is to be given in the underground Pugh and Carr Galleries in Gloucester Road, beginning 21 June, and features 24 paintings all specially painted for children. The paintings are first done on hardboard and then given a three dimensional effect with artificial flowers, straw, twigs, pebbles, feathers and anything else that takes her fancy. First guests at the exhibition will be 12 children under the age of 10, specially invited by the hanging committee of three . . . her eight-year-old twins Richard and Karen and her other son Antony, aged five.

The exhibition is worth a visit, for although the paintings are both beautiful and unusual, the artist is a real wow: And she will be there in person.

I spent the Whitsun weekend on a boat on the Shannon in Ireland, surely one of the most beautiful waterways in Europe, with Dominic Mitchell, the owner of a cruiser-hire business at Carrick. The Shannon is quieter and more peaceful than anyone in this motor-car-ridden land can imagine but Whit weekend also sees the annual *Fleadh* at Boyle, a small, normally sleepy town of about 7,000 inhabitants.

The *Fleadh* is one of the most significant events of the year for traditional Irish musicians and drinkers, which, together, are the national sports of the country.

Fiddlers galore

Seventy-five thousand made the pilgrimage to Boyle this year. There were fiddlers and accordion players in every bar, all of which were open 24 hours a day for three days. Drinking at the *Fleadh* is not a relaxation; it is a religion. The bar receipts, according to the conservative *Irish Times*, were no less than £250,000 for the three days.

One visitor from London asked his next-door neighbour for the time on the first day of the fair. "It's not the time you will be requiring this weekend" was the answer "it's a calendar." That's the definition of a lost weekend.

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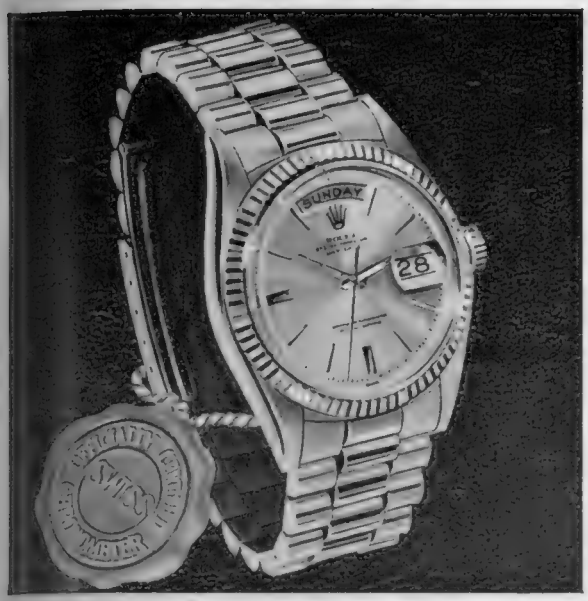
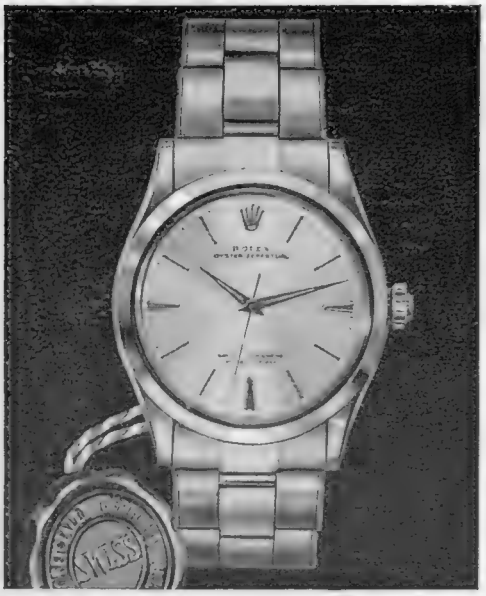
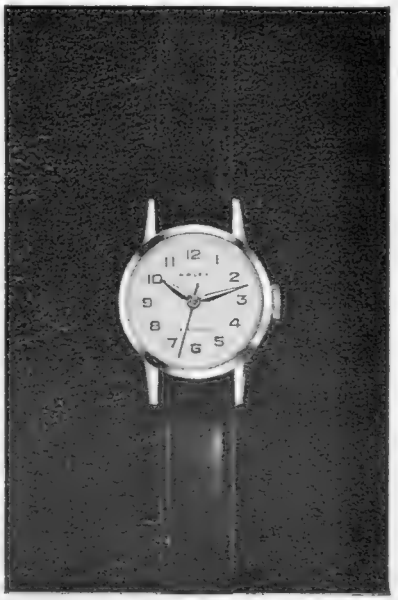


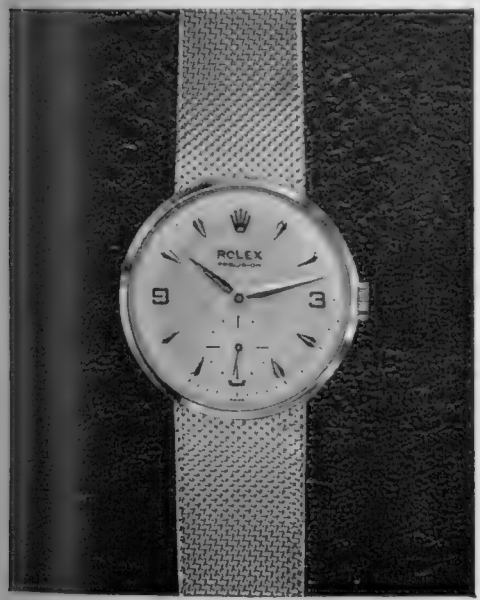
3035/7286 Rolex Oyster Perpetual Day-date. Fashioned in solid 18ct. gold by Genevan craftsmen. Waterproof, with rotor self-winding movement which has achieved the highest distinction awarded by the Swiss Institute for Official Chronometer Tests: "Especially Good Results." Both the day and date change on the stroke of midnight. £454.



3019 Rolex Oyster Perpetual Chronometer Waterproof and rotor self-winding. Officially Certified Chronometer, with the distinction: "Especially Good Results." 9ct gold with "Flush-fit" bracelet as shown. £170. With leather strap, £121. Models in stainless steel from £65.

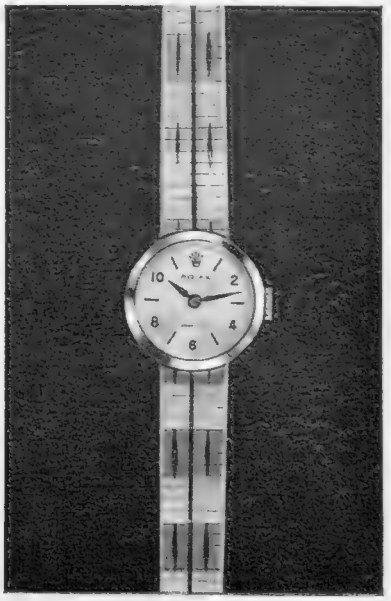


4079 With black suede strap. 9ct. gold £38.10. Other dial designs available.



3166 An elegant 9ct. gold bracelet watch. £82. There is a wide range of Rolex gold watches, suitable for all presentation purposes. Prices, with leather strap, from £41. *Other Rolex watches from £37.*

4795 Fine mesh bracelet combined with square dial. 9 ct. gold. £75.



4786 Very smart, attractively decorated bracelet. 9ct. gold. £76.

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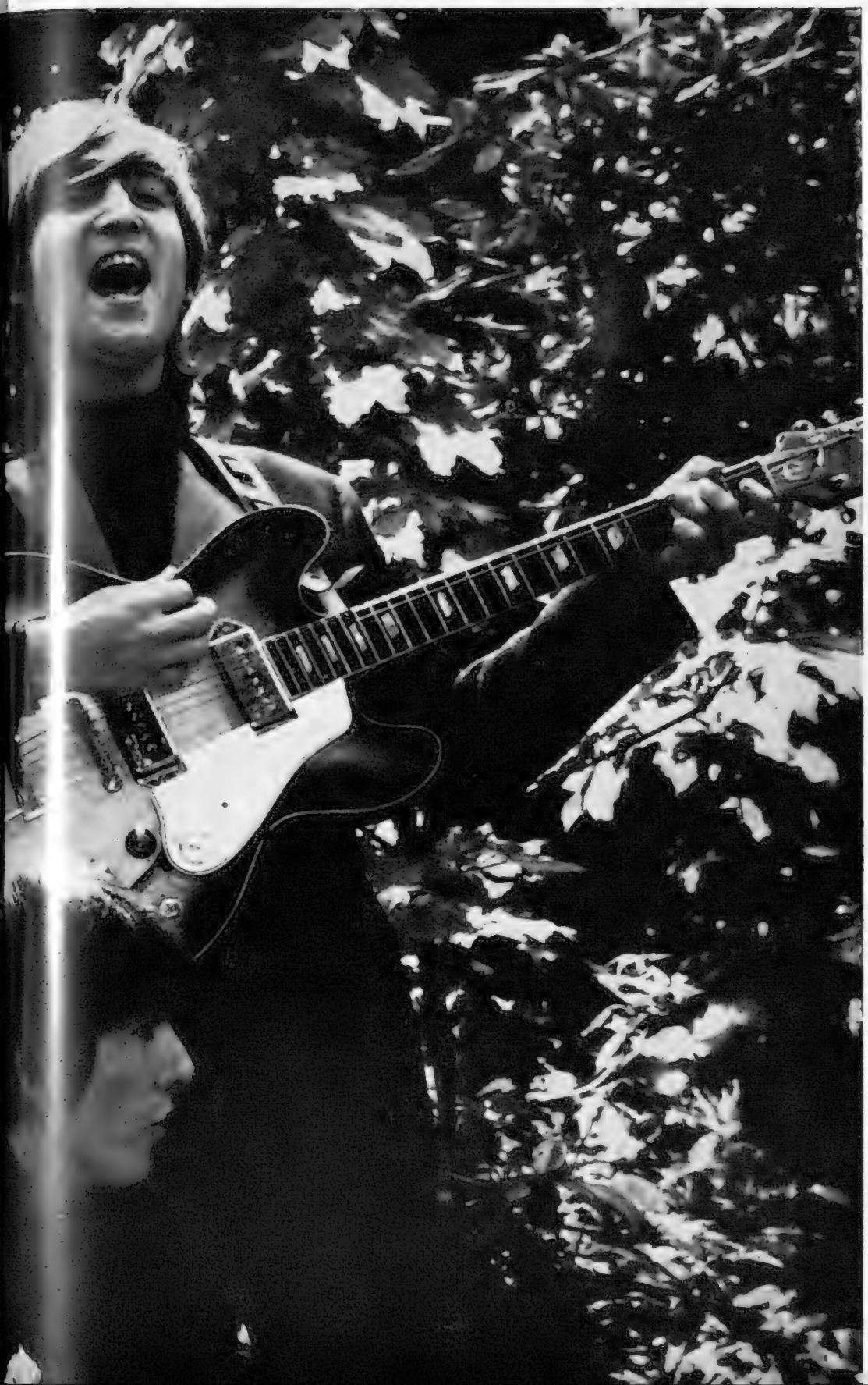
'Dear Sir or Madam/Will you read my boo
Based on a novel/By a man named Lea

t took me years to write/Will you take a look/ nd I need a job/So I want to be/A paper-back writer/ Paper-back writer'



Those, dear Sir or Madam, are some of the words of the Beatles' latest.* And that picture is also the Beatles' latest – Paul, Ringo and John (left to right), with George in front – looning together in the grounds of Chiswick House, where they were making a film to go with their new disc on TV. The EMI label disc, *Paper-back Writer*, with *Rain* on the flip-side, was released this week. It is needless to say, a hit (in advance) the whole world over.

Paper-back Writer/Rain will focus the pop-conscious public's attention back on the Beatles. The single will be followed by an LP to be released in August, which they are now recording. By the August issue date, however, the Beatles will have been to Germany for concerts in Munich, Essen and Hamburg, and to Japan for concerts in the Nipon Budokan Hall and Manilla for concerts in the National Football Stadium. Returning to England roughly at the same time as the new LP is released, which by all accounts is a very, very far-out record indeed, they stay here for a short time before leaving for another nation-wide, massively publicised tour of the US. Towards the end of the year they will return again to England for a tour of major cities.

* Words and music by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. World copyright 1966 by Northern Songs Ltd.

Picture by Robert Whittaker

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PADS

It starts the first time the nappy-clad baby struggles out from beneath a layer of cuddly toys, takes a firm grasp on the rails of his cot and realises, whatever else the parents may do to him, in the cot he is King. That first possessive clutch sows the seed, casts the die of an attitude which will be with him for the rest of his bachelor days. True, the name may change. A cot will become a nursery, then the third bedroom, then the flat, apartment, penthouse, gaff, castle, lodgings, home, shack, tenement, place or pad. But it will always be his.

A bachelor's jealous talent for selection will develop in the cot, he will decide who stays and who goes home by the simple process of hefting over the bars those toys he is bored with, and to hell with what the parents say. The same principle, more gentle in execution, should see the best in feminine quality, sifted from the also-rans.

The importance of having a place of your own, even though you may never have paid for more than the last layer of paint, cannot be overstressed. So many advantages come from possession: freedom, dignity, solitude, authority, friendliness, and so on.

Having established that a pad of your own is as basically important as a pair of trousers, the next step is how to decorate it – and how to behave in it. Quite obviously it's nonsense to declare that a flat must reflect the owner's character. For the average bachelor it would mean surrounding himself with abysmal boredom. No, what it must do is reflect the character you think you are, or you intend to be.

Thus, if you once overheard a snatch of Chopin, feel free to scatter the place with records of Mahler and Shostakovich. If you have read Ian Fleming concentrate on Robert Graves and Quiller-Couch. If you once owned a Swiss poplin shirt, label all your clothes "Made in Peru." The image is all-important, and after a while you forget it's an image.

It is harder to pronouce on the question of behaviour. Behaviour must be a most sensitive thing, alert to the smallest change in temperature, able to leap from mood to mood without so much as the proverbial eyelid twitch.

Entertaining, from a bachelor's view, is a dangerous thing. The sight of a healthy male covered in cooking fat and a dainty apron is apt to make the healthy female think she is in the wrong place. Of course, the sight of a man setting fire to everything in the kitchen will cause any girl's breast to heave with latent motherhood. But that really comes under the heading of behaviour.

Briefly, a man's home is the one place where decisions can be made, where advances are planned, where retreats are covered, where that thin line of progress can be firmly tacked to the wall. More briefly, a man's home is where it all happens. Do let's keep it that way, chaps.

So much for average pad owners. But, of course, none of the three on these pages is average. Who is?

BY JOHN VINER

and how to pad them

THE PAD OF ERIC STEINER

TO be honest, club owners have always lagged behind film producers in the race for the lushest of the lush places to live. More often than not, when a film producer donned his nightcap and gown and snuggled down cuddling his teddy-bear image of a bank manager, he did so amid a welter of silk sheets, pillows filled with clouds, a picture of his mother on the wall and a confection of sweet sounds. Even after sleep had caught up with the restless little fellow, an angel hand would remove the still warm cigar butt from his drooping lips.

Well, the producers must look to their laurels; a club owner is among them. A club owner with a keenly developed sense of the functionally opulent. His name is Eric Steiner, Swedish-born owner of the Pair of Shoes gambling club, who lives atop his fun house in Hertford Street, Mayfair, and just beneath the huge dice painted on the roof of his home and work.

His flat consists of one large room, one small room and a bathroom. Guests enter the large room first, and the dominant factor is Mr Steiner's bed. It is a colossal throne of a thing, oval in shape (circular would be somehow square), edged on one side with a combination headboard, control panel and bookshelf. On the floor a stone-coloured carpet covers the floor, then runs enticingly up the far wall, and finally stops at the ceiling. The windows are shuttered against the harsh light of Mayfair by leather-backed blinds. At the far end of the room from the bed is a white leather quilted bar. In fact, Mr Steiner says it's not a bar but a small kitchen.

Although he sleeps a mere six hours a night, Mr Steiner does spend more time than that working from his bed. Sitting up in bed with blue pyjamas to match his eyes, he can: open and close the street door, switch on his closed circuit TV to view the tables, overhear the croupiers' remarks at every table in the place, watch BBC or ITV on another TV set, call the chef for a steak sandwich, play tapes on a complete stereo system, and even, by means of a motor-launch hooter, summon his two dogs.

As an ex-seaman, ex-oil man, ex-gambler, Mr Steiner is at last delighted to own his own club, the fact that he lives in such white luxury he regards as part of the job . . . "This is really my sleeping office."

To him a flat is not a place to laze around in. His relaxation he gets in the club downstairs. His food he eats in the Hilton. It's only his sleep that has always to be done at home. As a guide for less comfortable film producers, I asked Mr Steiner how much he had spent converting a storage attic into its present "1930's B picture" image (his words, not mine). "Well," said Mr Steiner, "I've spent well over £10."

That's producer talk for you.

More pads overleaf

THE PAD OF DOUGLAS FISHER

To live in Chelsea and not be submerged by all the terrifying modishness which exists, it's vital to have for yourself a solid argument for living the way that you do. Douglas Fisher relies upon the silent authority of antiquities. He lives in Glebe Place, just off the King's Road promenade, in one very large studio which used to be two large studios.

The atmosphere he has created there is not so much a subtle persuasion as a bludgeoning of the senses. From the moment he opens the door to you, the atmosphere is an obvious and immediate one of ancient tranquillity. This cavernous room which he calls home is filled with busts, Grecian pillars, marble tables, 17th-century chairs, Flemish tapestries and gold chalices.

His visitors are entertained sitting on one of his two massive sofas, both faded and torn and both very old. "I refuse to restore anything," he says. The coffee table dividing the sofas must be the most lethal in London – solid stone and about three inches thick. The dining table is no less impressive, in a most exquisite shade of burgundy – large enough to seat six people, and made of one piece of fossilised stone extricated from beneath the Derbyshire soil.

The oldest item Mr Fisher possesses is a head of Hermes, reputedly carved in the 3rd century BC. Near to it stands a circular marble table containing 250 small squares of different coloured marble, all perfectly fitted in, and all from Roman villas. Should a visitor lay a careless parcel on the table Mr Fisher emits all the signs of silent agony. He is not normally so silent on the subject of a man's home and, more especially, *his* home. He says: "It's taken me 10 years to collect all these pieces. Now I'm very fussy about who I invite here. I won't throw a party more than once a year because people tend to muck the place up." He won't have a cocktail cabinet to store his drink because today's cabinets he puts on a par with geese fleeing across a wall.

He does have a television for the once-a-year Wimbledon and Test cricket, which his wife, Marie-Louise, watches. And he does have a record player for "Nina Simone and Yehudi Menuhin." He is infuriated by people who step into his private world and fall into conversation, ignoring their surroundings. "I like people to show an interest."

As a director of the restaurant company, Rambutan, he designs many of their restaurants – Flanagans, the Contented Sole, El Cubano and the Charge of the Light Brigade. He gets around the restaurants in his dark blue E-type, and on evenings at home he relaxes with a game of gin rummy or poker.

Mr Fisher won't say how much money he has spent furnishing his home, though he considers the 10 years well spent. "I love beautiful things, I suppose I'm dedicated to them." He lives among his splendour with such consummate ease, nobody would dare quip, "It isn't much, but it's home."

THE PAD OF EUGENE HOWE

The Chelsea Football team could, without too much trouble, lob a ball through the kitchen window of designer Eugene Howe's flat in the Fulham Road. As it is they content themselves with low shots and leave Mr Howe to work at his drawing-board surrounded by books and a selection of big brass sounds from his record player. He lives in that block of flats once the home of embryo photographers. At different times David Hurn, Peter Rand, Eric Swayne and David Montgomery have all lived there. Mr Howe has outlived them all with four years in residence in his not very big flat, with his not very big rent.

A designer and decorator of Mr Howe's standing can be logically supposed to live in idyllic splendour of the type we all know and loathe – trendy, groovy, so up-to-the-minute as to make actual living impossible. Fortunately he lives in nothing of the sort. His flat is a long narrow room; the front wall is entirely of glass; the first floor extends over half the ground floor making the currently defined studio flat. The ground floor includes the kitchen, living area and working area. Not one of them has that glossy, untouchable look. Indeed, Mr Howe is quick to point out that his flat has "a definite lived-in look."

He also excuses the lack of scintillating clutter by saying: "I use my own place as an experiment. It's an echo board for my ideas. That's why that wall over there is that particular shade of red." While producing designs for a triangular house in Earls Court and Vidal Sassoon's Bond Street salon, he has no time to decorate his own home . . . "Mind you, I often think about it. I just haven't got the patience, and anyway there isn't a pound note on the end of it."

Although he views his Fulham residence as a transient thing, it never fails to have signal effect on him. "The moment I walk through the door I'm God. It's very true for me that an Englishman's home is his castle. Mere things and people are under my rule. It might sound like megalomania, but that's my privilege."

He maintains a constant flow of coffee for guests and people who drop in, and claims that old books fascinate women. He keeps three shelves filled with impressively old volumes plus a rack of "suitably seductive" records. Of the increasing awareness of our surroundings he says, delightedly, "Awareness is on the rise. Unfortunately too many people have slid right past good taste in order to be different."

His idea of the perfect abode has a strong element of fantasy about it. The décor would be a masterly understatement with the occupant's character providing the finishing touch. The view from one end of the room would be 80 acres of rolling downs, while the other end would supply a view of crammed cosmopolitan life. The price would make him wince, however.

At the moment, he survives in Fulham without wincing.

PUBLISHING by ANTHONY BLOND

Once upon a time, a sub-lieutenant RN wrote a breezy novel about life at sea. He sent it to a publisher of breezy books who promptly accepted it. They then sold the paperback rights for a large sum and the film rights for an even larger sum and arranged an American edition. When informed of these successive transactions, the sub-lieutenant replied with that mixture of candour and reticence which makes the Navy so endearing, "Oh, good." He thought, in fact, that this was what always happened.

In fact, hardly 0.01 per cent. of the unsolicited manuscripts which publishers receive is publishable. Once published, most novels come out in paperback – the publisher's half-share of this usually constitutes his only profit on the book – and, of course, very few books end up on celluloid, although since the James Fox era, the wares of English publishers have become rather popular in Hollywood.

The rewards from writing a book, which can take anything from three weeks (for example, *Manon Lescaut*, or more recently *The Major* by David Hughes) to 13 years (*The Reason Why* by Cecil Woodham-Smith), vary from £100 to £100,000, but are much nearer – *much* nearer – the first figure. The publisher of a novel nearly always makes even less than the author and, quite often, loses money. Why, then, are they in the business at all?

Money-makers

There are a few general (or, as the Americans say, trade) publishers who do make money without a textbook or technical side. These are Michael Joseph Ltd, Victor Gollancz Ltd, W H Allen & Co and Souvenir Press Ltd. But most of the big publishers – William Collins, Sons & Co Ltd, Cassell & Co Ltd, John Murray Ltd, Macmillan & Co Ltd and Longmans, Green & Co Ltd – have had a huge turnover (for publishing) in textbooks for years, which is continuously profitable for them.

In the case of Macmillan's, only 40 per cent. of their business is in general books and in the case of Longmans, Green only 5 per cent. These giants can run distinguished literary lists, secure in the knowledge that it is, if all goes wrong, deductible. We have all heard of and suffered from Kennedy's *Latin Primer*, but not quite so well known are the oeuvres of Mr Ridout, who so swept the secondary modern school market that he had to retire to Switzerland to count his money.

Although there are splendid financial coups in the world of publishing, like the ex-Eton schoolmaster, David Cornell (Le Carré to you), who is reputed to have a million and a quarter in the bank, and the dashing Captain Maxwell, whose shares were oversubscribed during the postal strike, the whole business with its turnover of only £80 million a year is equal only to what is sold in the women's clothing department of Marks & Spencer.

Publishers are a lively lot, though not all tend to be as sociable as George Weidenfeld. They are acceptable socially, if sometimes raffish. They have been listened to by governments when their interests were affected by legislation – witness their exemptions from purchase tax, price fixing and recently the import surcharge. There are usually a few in any Parliament, like Brian Batsford, Dr Donald Johnson, Sir Oliver Crosthwaite-Eyre, Victor Bonham-Carter, Lord Horder and the Macmillans, one of whom recently retired from high office to his own boardroom, where he happily sends contracts to West African chiefs.

Owning a publishing firm, at least an old one, is almost as respectable and lucrative as being in the drink trade. There are generations of Longmans of Longmans, Green, Hodder-Williamses of Hodder & Stoughton, Collinses of Collins & Co, Unwins of Allen & Unwin, Franklins of Routledge & Kegan Paul, Flowers of Cassells. Most of these can and do wear Old Etonian ties. None of them are poor.

About half the people who go down from Oxford or Cambridge each year with nothing particular in mind plump for publishing. If they are lucky, well-connected or good-looking and don't look too ambitious, then they may get a job which will involve them in anything from looking for lost manuscripts to carrying Norman Mailer's coat at airports. On the whole, the young editors who survive and who are currently planning to combine in a union, are conscientious, underpaid and rather dull. Their salaries, especially if they work for any of the older firms, are well below those paid in the City or in advertising, and their prospects, especially if they work for one of the older firms, are very dim. Well then, why do they do it?

Publishing is very nearly a creative business and certainly an exciting one. Even if a book arrives in a flaky parcel, it might be another *Gone with the Wind*. Even if authors are temperamental, they are usually more amusing to talk to than, say, quantity surveyors. Even if the offices are overcrowded, they are usually overcrowded with agreeable people, and even if an ambitious young man groans under the stodginess of the imprint employing him, he can always dream of collecting a few hundred pounds and starting his own imprint. You need no licence, no experience, very little money and a lot of luck. The august names have been going for years, but they, too, started once.

Since the war, a number of imprints have been launched in London and many of them, like John Lehmann, Allan Wingate, Peter Baker and Derek Verschogh have been obliterated by takeovers or bankruptcy; and one, like MacGibbon & Kee, flourishes under the Bernstein banner, but without the prescence of Mr James MacGibbon and Mr Robert Kee. Still going strong, there is John Calder, who brought Beckett and Sarraute to England, Peter Owen, who does Rumanian anthologies and the *Duke of Bedford's Book of Snobs*, Andre Deutsch, who publishes V S Naipaul and the best Kennedy book, George Weidenfeld, who started off supplying books to Marks & Spencer and has staggered everybody with his best sellers like *Lolita* and *The Group*, Neville Spearman and *The ABZ of Love*, Ernest Hecht with his *Trachtenberg Maths*, a new fellow called Leslie Frewin and, the biggest bonanza of them all, Paul Hamlyn, who has made at least a million, having started with an alleged few hundred pounds and a barrow, out of a market which nobody thought existed.

Best sellers

Of the 500 or so publishers listed in *The Writers' and Artists' Yearbook*, only about 30 are names that are bandied about. Probably the biggest publisher in this country is the Queen, through Her Majesty's Stationery Office, and they sometimes, as with the *Wolfenden* or *Devlin Report*, have a bestseller. Turnover of publishing firms can range from £10,000 to millions.

Profitability of publishing companies is equally variable. University Tutorial Press Ltd, who only publish textbooks, had a return on capital in 1964 of 22.4 per cent., whereas that of Max Reinhardt Ltd, who own the Bodley Head, Hollis & Carter, the Nonesuch Library, Bowes & Bowes, Putnam & Co and Werner Laurie, had a return of 0.3 per cent. This company, incidentally, is backed (perhaps owned) by the Ansbacher Merchant Bank and represents a fairly typical conglomeration of publishing companies, supported by, one imagines, slightly hobby reasons and a powerful moneyed interest. Indeed, general publishing is in every sense of the word a rich man's game.

An example of how publish-

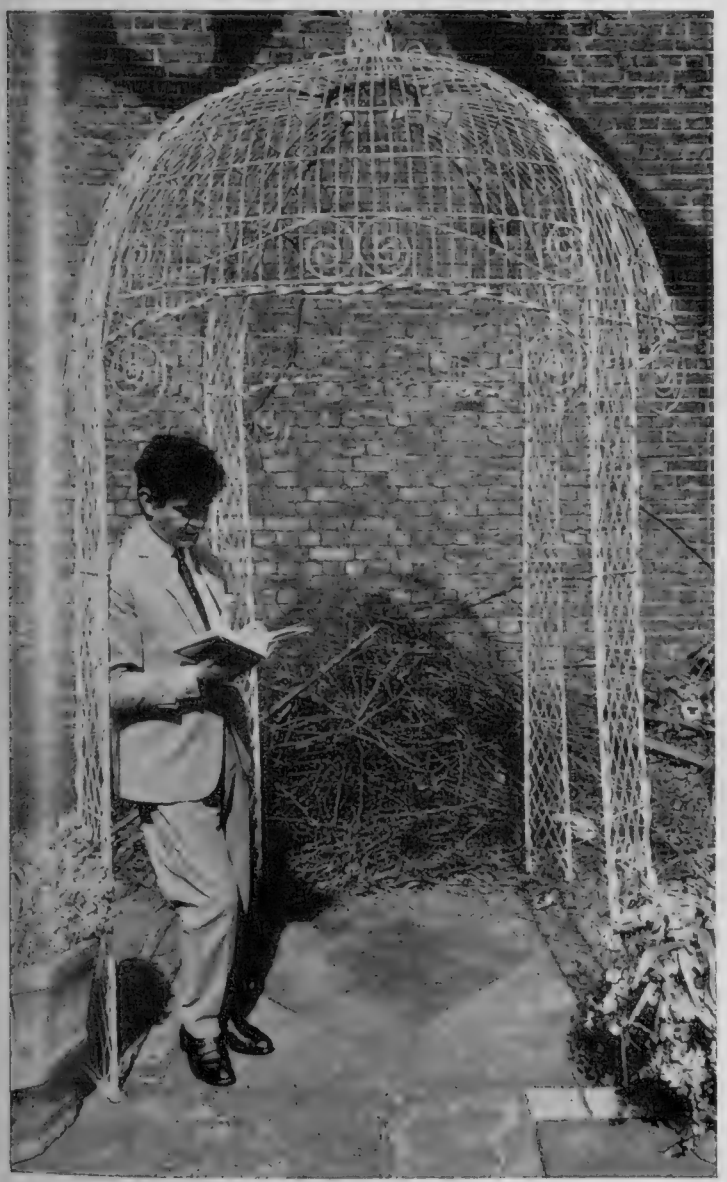
ing can be a rich man's game: Hodders, who also own *The Lancet*, had a profit in 1964 of £200,000, yielding 14 per cent. return on capital employed; Macmillans £151,000, yielding 7 per cent. A & C Black, who publish *Who's Who*, earned in 1963 £95,000, representing a 22 per cent. return on capital.

Among the publicly quoted companies, Routledge & Kegan Paul's return was 32 per cent., Penguin's in 1963 (one suspects a bumper year) was 40 per cent., Longmans, Green's profits in 1964 were £648,000, representing capital return of 36 per cent., and Hutchinsons, which in the years 1959-63 paid no dividend, in 1963 paid their ordinary shareholders 4 per cent., while in the same year Collins made £860,000, showing a return on capital of 15 per cent. Cassells made £120,000 and showed a return of 17.9 per cent. Associated Book Publishers, which is a holding conpany for Chapman & Hall, Eyre & Spottiswoode, Methuen, Stevens, Sweet & Maxwell, Tavistock and some others, had profits in 1963 of £249,000 and showed a return of 32 per cent.

On the whole, anything over £100,000 turnover a year puts a publisher in the Second Eleven and anything over half a million in the First. In the year in which Collins published *Dr Zhivago* and *Montgomery's Memoirs*, they sold £1 million-worth of books in one month.

The difference between best- and non-selling authors is as sharp as between big and small publishers. But, of course, anyone is open to a best seller. When Calder published *Tropic of Cancer* by Henry Miller, he probably wiped out all the losses he had ever made in one swoop.

England is full of competent and respected novelists who sell under 7,000 and often as few as 2,000 copies of their works in hard-back form. Doris Lessing is reputed to have written 10 books, from which she earned on an average £100 each, before she made any kind of financial grade. The sad thing is that the standard copper-bottomed best sellers are still, with the exception of Ian Fleming, who is no longer with us, by people who were famous before the war – Graham Greene, Georgette Heyer, Daphne du Maurier and Agatha Christie – who notch up a steady 50,000 every time their books are published and far exceed, at any rate in hardback, the sales of 40-year-old whipper-snappers like Kingsley Amis and John Braine.



Anthony Blond reads in the garden at the back of his office

Older group

This suggests that the hardback buying public are in the 50 to 70 age group. Certainly the sales of experimental, with-it, swinging, saucy and even sexy books show that the good, square, reliable read is a surer success than a thin, witty one. The position of the old-fashioned British best sellers is now challenged by Americans like Irving Stone and Harold Robbins, and it's no accident that their books seem to run to seven or eight hundred pages.

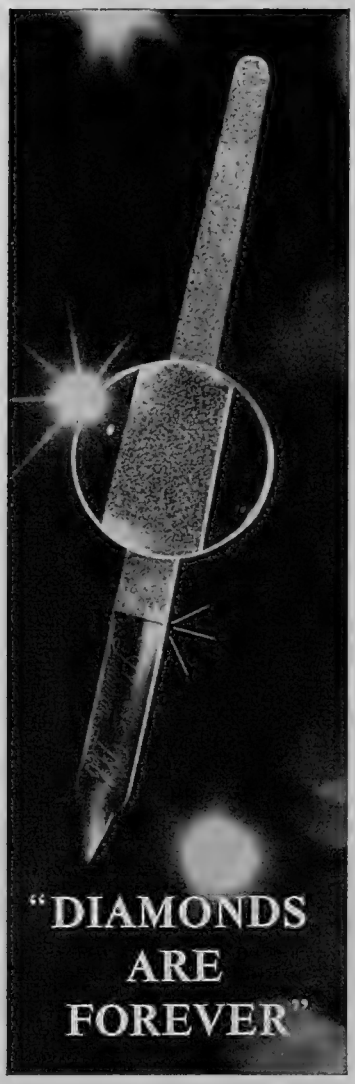
What, then, are the prospects of a young writer in search of a publisher? If he regards the publication of his first novel as but a stepping-stone to fame and fortune and not as an indefinite stop, he has a chance. He may succeed like Alan Sillitoe in the paperback market (helped by the film) rather than in the traditional, unmanageable, poorly promoted, wildly expensive field of hardback publication which publishers so loyally subsidise. More likely his name will occur through a hardback publication, at least a portable version of his typescript, to television and film producers, and he will find himself earning 10 times as much in this way as he does out of his books. Witness Frederic Raphael, the screenwriter of *Darling*. The paperback market, which was politely pioneered by Penguin's before the war, only exploded afterwards, and in those days sales of 50,000 to 100,000 copies a title were common. The hardback originating publisher sells the reprint rights to a paperback publishing firm, of whom Penguin, Panther, Pan, Corgi and New English Library are the mightiest. The last two are American-owned. The Americans are attracted to British publishing because of the practically captive and efficiently served Commonwealth market.

Big battalions

Nearly one-half of the British publishing output is, in fact, exported, and indeed this tiny industry is responsible for about 1 per cent. of all British exports. The biggest recent American takeover occurred when Doubleday's bought W H Allen, "publishers since the 18th century," but they are constantly nudging into London and British publishers are not slow to respond.

In a merging world which favours the big battalions, a publisher has to keep on his toes to stay independent. Heinemann, with Secker & Warburg, Peter Davies, and, for a time, Rupert Hart-Davis, nestle under the industrial umbrella of Thos Tilling. MacGibbon & Kee, Arco, Rupert Hart-Davis, after an unhappy period of American ownership, a chunk of Jonathan Cape's and the whole of Panther, are now owned by Sidney Bernstein. Methuen, Eyre and Spottiswoode, Chapman & Hall, and Sweet & Maxwell are now grouped under a vague banner and called Associated British Publishers. Nelson, Michael Joseph, and now Hamish Hamilton, have become part of the Thomson empire.

Despite computers, mergers, the American invasion, and despite the fact that the only real profits can be made from textbook or "industrial" publishing, there will always be new firms to open up on the London publishing scene. The lure of fame and fortune is still there and there is always the ghost of Grant Richards beckoning . . . a bankrupt, monocle-smashing bounder; but he did publish the first works of H G Wells, D H Lawrence and Henry James.



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THE TAKEOVER GIRLS

Lisa Shane's temporary takeover turned into a hit. Soon she'll be the permanent *Funny Girl*.

When a show is sold to the public on the strength of its star, feelings sometimes run high when she is replaced. Dora Bryan has already taken over from Mary Martin in *Hello Dolly!*, and Lisa Shane, who is now doing Saturday evening performances of *Funny Girl*, replaces Barbra Streisand permanently next month. J ROGER BAKER considers the effect of these moves on the girls themselves and on the theatre going public.

Dora Bryan's takeover in *Hello Dolly!* raised some eyebrows. But she is succeeding, although with a different type of audience.

When it was offered to me, I thought, well, I can't turn this down – DORA BRYAN.

I'm a great source of embarrassment to the management. They just don't want to know – LISA SHANE.

LIFE can be tough for the girls who take over. No one, of course, expects the leading actors in a long-running show to stay there indefinitely: contracts end, illnesses occur, repetition stales vivacity. But in some cases the public is left with a vague feeling of being somehow cheated when the star retires.

It depends on the show and also on such imponderables as whether the star or the show has captured public imagination. There was no very loud complaint when June Bronhill left *Robert and Elizabeth* to lead the Australian production. Her successor, Jane Fyffe was happy ("It's a part I have always particularly wanted to play") and so is the public.

But both *Hello Dolly!* and *Funny Girl* have a peculiar position on the scene. Both are highly-vaunted American musicals, both were pre-sold to the British public on the strength of their stars: it was, in both cases, very much a question of the singer, not the song.

For *Hello Dolly!* even Mary Martin was initially considered by many to be something of a second-hand Rose. The fame of Carol Channing's original creation had crossed the Atlantic loud and clear. London was promised her for later in the run, to be followed by Ginger Rogers, who had already taken over the New York version. At the party he gave to welcome Mary Martin to London Hugh Beaumont (who puts on the show with David Merrick) whispered, with evident confidence, that Betty Grable would be the fourth Dolly.

In fact, a vista of an endless succession of Dollies opened up; each a one-time glamour star of Hollywood, until, somewhere round about the turn of the century, a middle-aged Ann-Margret or Tuesday Weld would descend that celebrated staircase.

What finally happened has perhaps saved Drury Lane from such a macabre fate. Mary Martin triumphed instantly and disarmed criticism, largely through her warmth and professional attack. The rather tiresome girl who washed that man right out of her hair had matured into a rather spectacular woman. And at least she was a Great Lady of the American Musical with the authentic Broadway belt.

So eyebrows shot high when it was announced that Dora Bryan would succeed Miss Martin. Dear Dora, the Lancashire lass with no side, the lovable comedienne with a quirky giggle in her voice . . . and *so* British. And – let's face it – her assumption of another Carol Channing part, in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, was not her most successful venture.

But she is succeeding, albeit with a different type of audience. "Mary was more of a straight actress, wasn't she?" she says. "I'm getting more laughs, I think." Dora didn't work with Gower Champion, the original director, but with his assistant, Lucia Victor. "We worked through the part very carefully. There's a line about tripe and onions and everyone thinks 'oh, she's put that in,' but it's an American dish, quite authentic. The original line was about fish chowder – well, by the time the audience has stopped to work out what that is, they've lost the point of the joke, haven't they?"

Dora Bryan is a star in her own right. The case of Lisa Shane who takes over from Barbra Streisand in *Funny Girl* is quite different. She was thrust into sudden limelight a few weeks ago when Miss Streisand was ill. Neither the public nor, one gathers, the cast, were told about this replacement until the last possible moment. "I was really thrown to the wolves," she says: "I never heard such a noise: people booing and demanding their money back. But I went through with it and had them standing up cheering at the end. I've had about 600 letters from people apologising for the behaviour of the audience that night."

The nightmare

That was possibly the quintessence of the understudy's nightmare and now, on 16 July, she takes over permanently when Barbra Streisand retires to have her baby.

Lisa Shane is a tall, attractive Irish girl with an accent that becomes more pronounced as she gets excited. "I've been on the stage since I was three – I made my début whistling, you know, *In a Monastery Garden* with nightingale *obbligato* and so on. At one time I was an elephant rider with a circus in Switzerland – it's quite easy, really; you just have to find a space to sit by their ears."

She has been in London for a couple of years, living with her TV-director husband in Hampstead, and not doing very much work. Previously she worked in Ireland, doing many of the American musicals – *Annie Get Your Gun, West Side Story* and so on. So the nationality of *Funny Girl* has no worries for her, nor does the heavy Jewish element: "My father is Jewish," she points out.

Usually, when a star falls ill, the understudy takes over for the appropriate performances. But when it comes to relacing that star someone of equal fame is brought on.

But it was decided to stick with the understudy: "On that first night the rest of the cast were so kind and willing to help me all the way through, but I think they were surprised I did it so efficiently. I regard myself primarily as a big emotional singer. I don't use microphones and I've done a lot of reading up about Fanny Brice and I think I get really inside the situations. I'm already getting letters from people who say they are sending their tickets back and waiting until I take over before they see the show."

The underdog

Lisa Shane has, in fact, hit upon one of this country's characteristics – the love of the underdog (if Miss Shane will forgive the expression). Similarly, when Callas had to retire from her *Tosca* series at Covent Garden last year, her replacement, Marie Collier, received tremendous public support. Streisand has something of the Callas charisma and the reaction is of similar strength.

But Lisa Shane says about *Funny Girl's* future: "It's up to the press and the public whether it runs when Barbra Streisand goes."

On the other hand, she has no fear of slipping back into obscurity: she has made an appearance on TV's *Sunday Night at the London Palladium* and made a couple of records of the show. "I've never been particularly ambitious," she says. "I don't care much where I work so long as there is an audience – that's what I love. I am quite sure going into *Funny Girl* will be a breakthrough for me, I've had lots of offers from America which I want to accept."

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DIG THIS!

In some of the archaeological work being done in London, there is a feeling akin to desperation. In the City, the present generation of archaeologists may well be the last, for many modern buildings have foundations so deep that everything of archaeological interest must be destroyed. So today's archaeologists bear the responsibility of carrying out what may be the last chance of a complete archaeological survey of London, writes SUSAN LYDON.

THE ancient walled city of Londinium, built by the Romans, stood on what is now the square mile of the City of London, part of Westminster, and had a suburb in Southwark. Its development marked the beginning of what has been almost 2,000 years of continuous urban occupation on the same site, the building of cities upon cities, each not destroyed but merely levelled so that a new city could be built atop its ruins.

The accumulated rubble has raised the original ground level almost 20 feet – or, roughly, a foot for each century of occupation. So the modern City stands upon a mound, imperceptible because it is surrounded by buildings and because it has been partly submerged by the gradual rising of the Thames.

For archaeologists, this accumulation of made ground, as they call it, is a treasure trove, yielding the evidence by which they can piece together London's history. The process of digging is rather like peeling away layers; each layer will contain vestiges of a certain period, and by the time bottom is reached the durable evidence of buildings will stand together on a site like a lively collage of images from the past.

Roman Wall

A recent excavation carried out on the site for the proposed extension of the Central Criminal Court, when finished, revealed a section of the Roman city wall, one of the walls of Newgate Prison (built in the late 18th century), and the foundations of a complex of Medieval buildings, the early and late Medieval town houses of the Earls of Warwick.

For all the romantic notions which most of us entertain about it, archaeology is not one of the dramatic sciences. Every coin or bit of smashed pottery recovered from the dirt is not greeted with a cry of "eureka," and, because the soil of London has been much disturbed by building and rebuilding, all that usually remains on a site of even the greatest archaeological importance is some barely distinguishable floor and a small fragment of wall.

The most common find on a London site is pottery, often found by the hundredweight, as it was used to raise ground level artificially, tossed away when broken, and because it does not decay rapidly. According to Mr Norman Cook, Director of the Guildhall Museum, "The 13th century was the golden age of English pottery; what we have of that period is as fine as anything in the world."

Generally speaking, London archaeology is concerned mainly with the Roman and Medieval periods. Digging is carried out in the whole of the Greater London area, but most intensively in the City. Much of the work done on excavations is the emptying of rubbish pits. Disposal of rubbish by removal is a fairly recent historical development; in the past it was buried in pits dug in back yards. "London is riddled with rubbish pits," says Mr Cook. "They are one of our richest sources of evidence."

There are two types of excavation done in London: thorough excavations of chosen sites done in advance of development, and what are called "rescue operations" – excavations in the interval between demolition and rebuilding. The former is rare. Archaeology, as it exists now in London, is really only 20 years old. The blitz, destroying one-third of the City, presented archaeologists with the kind of opportunity given Wren by the Great Fire of 1666. It was possible to undertake thorough excavation of those sites of the greatest archaeological interest with none of the usual exigencies of time or space, and to dig trenches on most of the bombed sites to at least sample what lay beneath them.

Professor W F Grimes, now Director of the University of London's Institute of Archaeology, was in charge of most of the immediate post-war excavations on behalf of the London Excavation Committee. Among his major discoveries was the Roman fort at Cripplegate, excavated from 1947 to 1951. "Because the area had been bombed," he says, "it was possible to treat it as an excavation in the country. Wherever the line of the fort led, we could dig, without the element of urgency which characterises rescue operations."

Since the City has been rebuilt, archaeologists have been forced to return to rescue work, and the element of urgency which attends is the bane of their lives.

Short of cash

The archaeologist's lot is not, by any means, a happy one. He is appallingly short of cash and labour resources; the support of public opinion (which has been aroused on behalf of archaeology only twice within the past 100 years, at the discoveries of the Bucklersbury pavement, and the Temple of Mithra in 1954), and has no legal rights to excavate a certain site. For permission to excavate he is dependent on the good will of the owner and the builder of a site, and as it is obviously advantageous to let as little time as possible elapse between demolition and rebuilding, he is always short of time.

It is perhaps surprising to realise that in all of London there are only two professional archaeologists paid to do full-time excavations. Mr Peter Marsden, Excavation Assistant of the Guildhall Museum, is one. A young man who still has the look of a university undergraduate, he made the rather spectacular discovery of a Roman ship in Southwark, and has developed a special interest in naval archaeology. He is responsible for almost all excavation in the City. His job entails

–Why archaeologists must race to uncover London's history

looking over all building sites, seeking permission to excavate any of special interest, supervising the digs, and reporting on the finds. "To do this job properly," he says, "would require several people and about £10,000. At the moment there is only myself, and our grant is only £300. Last year it was £100.

"We have no powers to insist on an excavation. If the builders won't let us excavate, there is nothing we can do about it. There are sites of national importance which cannot be excavated; for example, a vast forum under Cornhill, and a Roman palace near Cannon Street Station, which may have been the home of the Roman governors."

Drawing maps

Mr Roy Canham of the London Museum is the other professional archaeologist, responsible for the Greater London area. He is 23, and has been at the museum post for a little over a month. He is now drawing up distribution maps of London, collating all the finds that have come from excavations by amateur groups.

One cannot stress too heavily the importance of amateur groups for London archaeology. Without their enthusiasm, dedication, and immensely hard work, there would be few if any excavations carried out.

Mr Graham Dawson, Acting Keeper of the Cuming Museum in Southwark, excavates with the Southwark Archaeological Society. "For our work," he says, "we rely entirely on volunteers. We have employed paid labour for a total of two weeks in the six years we've been digging." For the past seven months the group has been digging on the site of Kennington Palace, built by the Black Prince in the late 14th century.

There are two types of volunteers. One type, says Peter Marsden, "think that archaeology is a fancy business, and that they are going to discover things like marble statues and gold and bronze vases. When they come to the site and discover that the work often entails breaking through concrete foundations, they get discouraged. Soon after they leave, we start making the exciting finds."

Unfortunately, this accounts for the majority of volunteers. Roy Canham estimates that only one in eight volunteers stays to see the job through. The ones who stay are the type of whom Norman Cook says: "We never underestimate their talents." The best volunteers, through experience ("the only training in field archaeology that's worth while," says Roy Canham) gain enough knowledge to supervise digs.

The City of London Excavation Group work on the excavations for the Guildhall Museum. On weekdays, a handful of volunteers work under the supervision of Marsden; at weekends, when there are about 30 people working at a time, they are supervised by Nicholas Farrant, a young man who works in the Bank of England, or Mrs Irene Wade, a tremendously energetic Australian woman, who works as a secretary to City architects during the week, takes courses in the evenings, and digs at weekends. Farrant is shortly leaving to direct a dig in Putney.

Digging in city

Mrs Wade has been digging for two years in the City. She works very hard at digging and does a completely professional job. "I don't think of this as a hobby," she says. "It's a job, though we all think what we're paid to do is deadly dull compared to archaeology."

Volunteers work on the sites with pick, shovel, wheelbarrow, and trowel. If there is concrete to be broken through, pneumatic drills are sometimes used. A great deal of the work is backbreaking. Often when an excavation has been finished, the site has to be filled in again, and Mrs Wade once worked on a site where exactly what was dug had to be filled in at the end of each day, so the builders could work on it the next.

There is a feeling akin to desperation in some of the archaeological work being done at present. In the City, the present generation of archaeologists may well be the last. Except for buildings supported by piles, modern buildings need to be built on foundations so deep into the ground, that everything of archaeological interest must be destroyed. Mr Ralph Merrifield of the Guildhall Museum makes a very convincing case in his book *The Roman City of London* (published by Benn) that today's archaeologists bear the responsibility to future generations of carrying out what may be the last chance for a complete archaeological survey of London, before traces of past occupation are irretrievably lost.

"Some scope," he writes, "will remain . . . for future generations, but it will be severely circumscribed, and archaeologists who are to come will survey the great chasms made by our builders, and will bitterly regret the lost opportunities of the mid-20th century." He compares the history of archaeology in the City with the story of the Sibylline books: knowledge offered to each generation at a price, and destroyed when the price is not paid.

"If ever a generation arises that is prepared to pay the full price of a total excavation over whatever area is then available, complete pages of the Book will be won. But by that time very few pages indeed will remain."

Mr Peter Marsden (right), Excavation Assistant of the Guildhall Museum, with Supervisors Nicholas Farrant (left) and Mrs Irene Wade (centre). The three are in charge of all excavations by the City of London Group.

ENOUGH MONEY TO SAY 'NO'

James Clavell, author and movie director who is now filming in London, talks to JOHN VINER about his own amazing success story, and advises other writers on how to begin the long climb to the top, where money is something you just don't want to bother to talk about any more.

AS you read this there are a 100 or more lonely people in London, cooped up in bleak rooms furnished with nothing but a record player and piles of tin-foil wrappings from long-forgotten meals. Cups of pencils and reams of paper will identify them as writers, unrecognised talents, controlling their contempt for society as they pour out heart-wrung words, waiting, hoping for the day when the world, or at least an agent, recognises them.

Of course, not all writers start from such romantic twilights. Indeed, there are many who begin as acceptable writers then gradually become better writers. One such fortunate man is James Clavell. Born in Australia, public school in England, an Army captain in the Second World War, he now lives in California and is an American cellent.

Contracting the frustrations and the disappointments, Clavell's story is in the classic mould, not of poor boy making good, but, more honestly, of the ordinary boy making excellent

After the Army, during which time he was a prisoner of the Japanese in Changi prison, he first turned his thoughts to the law and engineering. His thoughts turned elsewhere after he discovered the years of apprenticeship necessary. A visit to a film studio convinced him of the God-like authority of a director and the die was at least poised.

He became first a film salesman selling re-issues of old pictures, later producing three "pilot" films for a television series. He flew to America to sell them, fell in love with New York and sent for his wife and children. Moving to Hollywood, he began to write screenplays and decided, "If you want to become a film director, you must become a producer first, then appoint yourself director."

With the die now firmly cast, his work progressed in a steadily ascending spiral. His first novel, *King Rat*, gave him that vital push into the front runners. Success, in all its comfortable assurance, lapped round Mr Clavell.

What advice and encouragement does he have for those lonely people cooped up in their bleak little rooms? "First off, it's a waste of time writing an original screenplay. I would always write an idea as a short story or as a novel first."

In this way, the budding screen-writer has his material vetted before publication by skilled readers. For writers who think everything stops there, Mr Clavell says "95 per cent. of everything published is covered by the film studios; they have vast story departments who exist simply to read the published word."

As to the choice of material, Mr Clavell states the traditional view: "Write only about the things you know. So many young writers say the things they know about are drab. If life is drab, by God, they must write about it." It seems there is hope in those tin-foil wrappings.

Merchant pirate

I should point out, at this stage, that Mr Clavell's new novel, *Tai-Pan*, is about a merchant pirate and is set in the 1840s. Mr Clavell explains the digression by saying, "Obviously I wasn't there but the book contains my attitudes to various events, and that's what I know about."

All of his prodigious outpourings are filtered through his agent: "The first thing to do is find a fine agent – they can save an awful lot of trouble."

Mr Clavell employs a pet

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term while warming to his favourite subject of writing. It is: "drop dead money." Not a term for a suddenly deceased gangster, but a neatly termed breathing space brought about by selling one piece of prose and being able to live on the proceeds for six months or a year. "During that time you can say 'drop dead' to all the hack jobs and write what you want."

When he came to write the successful *King Rat*, Clavell became one of the rare minority actually to benefit from a strike. It was the writers' strike of a few years ago in the United States. At the time, Mr Clavell was busily engaged on screenplays, when he was asked to "down tools." Instead of picket duty he went home and started *King Rat*.

It was then he first experienced the rigours of self-discipline, later, when he started writing *Tai-Pan*, he subjected himself to a stringent writing schedule: five pages a day for 240 days, with not more than the very occasional day off.

When he started *King Rat* he had no idea of the form of the novel. "I didn't know what was going to happen," he said, "but I've got this one characteristic. Once I start something I have got to finish it."

For actually putting the words on paper he uses a typewriter, a few pens and pencils, a stapler and an electric pencil sharpener. "I type the story first time; I type it a second time. Then I go back and correct and re-correct, tear it up, throw it at the children, pick the bits out of the waste basket, piece them together again, cut out a couple of lines on one page and stick them on another, and finally staple it all together."

It's symbolic

The electric pencil sharpener he regards as symbolic of something or other.

Although he recommends that young writers turn their first attentions to novels and short stories, Mr Clavell states his two novels were quite filmic in style. "I was first a screen-writer," he explains, "and accustomed to writing everything with a beginning, a middle and an end. It just happens that my two novels are visual, but they were not written deliberately in that way. It's just the way I was trained."

Now that he has joined the ranks of established novelists, he looks back with some sensitivity to the Hollywood hierarchy. "Screen-writing is the most unimportant of the jobs, as far as the general pattern in the film industry is concerned. Writers do not enjoy the status they should. Writers battle with directors.

"Now, one of the lovely things about being an *author* is the respect you get from publishers. You are given an enormous amount of awe. They say publishers publish authors and not books, whereas in the film industry the writer is looked upon as a necessary evil. And that's the difference." Mr Clavell extracts the best of both worlds.

His enjoyment of being author and screen-writer is multiplied just now by being producer and director of *To Sir, With Love*, which is on location in East London. He wrote the screenplay from E R Braithwaite's story about the tribulations of a schoolteacher in a tough East London school. The film stars Sidney Poitier, ex-model Suzy Kendall, and Lulu, the pop singer.

Mr Clavell has an interesting re-charge system for his work as director. "It is terribly exhausting exposing yourself as a writer," he says. "Being a director, I have to be a different kind of extrovert, employing a different kind of courage – and that feeds me as a writer." His system resembles a satisfying vicious circle.

One last word of encouragement for our budding writers. Mr James Clavell says he's made enough money not to want to talk about it. "I've made enough to say no," he says.

James Clavell, script in hand, directs Sidney Poitier during the shooting in London of his new film – "To Sir, With Love."

Another location shot in London. Here Clavell is pictured with lovely Suzy Kendall. Pop singer Lulu also has a part in the film.

INDIA GIVES PAINTER HIS CHANCE OF A LIFETIME

Next month Hampstead artist Derek Guthrie, with his wife Janet and three-year-old daughter Jessica, leaves London to take up a two-year residential scholarship awarded by the Indian government.

"It is a post-graduate scholarship, usually given to people doing PhDs and so on," he explains. "But the Indian government seem to like having painters over there as well. Two years ago the pop artist Derek Boshier received one. I shall be expected to do some teaching in an art school over there, but most of the time I shall be free to paint on my own behalf."

Guthrie has taught at Brighton College of Art and is currently taking advanced classes at Lewes. Until recently he was in Cornwall painting. At 29, he has already achieved considerable distinction in the highly competitive field of art. He has had several successful one-man shows at the Portal Gallery in London, and gathers that the resale prices of his work are increasing rapidly.

"Today most painters tend to work in specific styles and in restricted groups," he says. "I tend not to do this, so I am not particularly fashionable. It is figurative painting, seascapes done in Cornwall and some figure work. But I am not comparable with people who have been promoted by particular galleries."

Recognising this trip to India as "the chance of a lifetime," Guthrie plans to make the most of it, beginning as soon as he reaches France. There he will buy a station wagon and drive overland to Lucknow (where the family will live) by what he calls the "non-pop route." That is, instead of going via Istanbul, he will drive through south Russia, calling at Tashkent.

He will record the trip not merely with photographs, but also with sketches and paintings done *en route*. "I want to document the journey in the fullest possible way," he says, "and obviously would like to publish my notes in some form."

THIS IS BLACKHEATH

THE 20th-century history of Blackheath is largely a record of angry disputes between the residents and their natural enemies – the Lewisham and Greenwich Councils, speculative builders and the Ministries of Town and Country Planning and Housing. The latest battle is being fought over The Glebe, where the leaseholders, led by author James Laver, are disputing a scheme dreamt up by Wates and the Lewisham Council to buy in the leases and erect council housing. Like all its predecessors, the argument is marked by the speed with which residents band together and organise resistance.

Blackheath parents are well organised: there are several play-groups, parent-teacher associations, a Society for the Improvement of State Education, and innumerable rota-systems for ferrying children to and from school.

Property prices have risen steeply over the last 10 years. A house in Crooms Hill bought for £5,000 in the mid-fifties recently went, in much the same condition, for £12,000; dozens of new town houses and maisonettes have been, and are being, erected for over £5,000 each, and a large early Victorian house (several bathrooms, big garden) facing the heath will fetch anything above £14,000. The last prefab has still to be demolished on the heath – but one house agent swears he could have sold them in the sixties for three thousand each.

Blackheath has, of course, a Consumer Group: its latest report has caused a furore amongst local publicans since it concludes that "pubs in and around are generally shabby." Published in the group's magazine *Counterwise*, the report discusses some 80 pubs. External appearances: often shabby. Decor: often an unhappy mixture of earlier and contemporary styling. Seating: adequate in over half, but in some inadequate even for off-peak periods. Games and entertainments: television should be banned; 10 out of 80 have juke-boxes. Service: generally good – but too many without ice. Food: wide range, from ornate French cooking to crisps. Gardens: not enough. Lavatories: only 12 had washbasin, soap and towel in both. Drinks: hardly any offer wines by the glass.

The heath itself has a sure place in English history. Wat Tyler's peasant army massed there after its march on London, the Restoration Army met Charles II there, and the first golf course in London was there. General Wolf (Quebec) lived nearby, Sir Christopher Wren built Morden College, there were highwaymen until the 19th century.

Dartmouth Row, now the home of Sir William Haley and John Grigg – the former Lord Altrincham – has a long history. Elizabeth Garret Anderson, the first woman doctor, was at school there, and the school itself was run by the aunts of Robert Browning. The Church of the Ascension is "in the Wren style" and experts say, in the face of confused evidence, that if it isn't by Wren, then it is certainly by someone who in 1695 had learnt the Master's style to perfection.

Deepest colour-supplement territory, Blackheath is not only full of classic young professional marrieds, but of their chroniclers and jesters. Michael Frayn, Mervyn Jones, Tony Howarth, Dillon McCarthy, Sir William Haley and John Grigg are among the large journalists' colony.

Three times a year, Easter, Whitsun and August Bank Holiday, the heath has a Fair, and once every two years, in September, there is a circus as well. Locals regard these events with horror. "They are," says one heathside hostess, "very Rocker occasions, and Blackheath is really a Mod place."

The Green Man, the first pub on the heath coming from London, offers the best entertainment of any, certainly in Blackheath, perhaps in suburban London. On Sundays there are jazz concerts (Hayes, Harriott, Rendell, NJO), Fridays and Saturdays Old Tyme Music Hall run by the Friends of Greenwich Theatre. Beer is Young's. Wine by the glass.

The Orchard Hill Estate, Lewisham Road, is claiming to be the most-burgled area in London. Residents have taken to fitting extra locks since 12 attempted and successful break-ins were reported in the past few weeks. The Blackheath area generally is pretty well burgled – insurance companies tend to look askance at proposals from residents. One car owner on Blackheath Hill has had his car removed three times and found each time abandoned near the centre of London.

The Carl Dolmetsch Concert appear this weekend at the Ranger's House, Blackheath, in one of a series of concerts there sponsored by the G.L.C. The house, on the edge of Greenwich Park, is being increasingly used by the council for lectures and concerts, and many more are being arranged. Ring TEMple Bar 5464 for latest details.

St Andrew's Presbyterian Church, a 19th-century structure, started falling down last year. The Minister, Mr Mitchell, decided against a costly patching-up job, and persuaded the Presbytery to have it pulled down. Work has begun on a modern church, including all sorts of social facilities. Meanwhile, the congregation worships next door, in the Church Army's ultra-modern chapel.

Surprisingly, eating in Blackheath proper isn't quite the pleasure one might expect. Although a number of people seem to have spotted the potential market for really good food, none seems to have actually delivered it. One restaurant in the village, advertised as French, couldn't translate their own *specialité* last week: the staff was English and Scandinavian.

Sniffers grab goodies for Father's Day (June 19th) gifts.

Father's Day scandal- Cedar Wood sniffers at it again

AS ENGLAND prepares for Father's Day on June 19th, mysterious smash and grab raids have been reported throughout the country.

The swag

In each case, the only articles taken have been Cedar Wood Father's Day gift decanters (see picture below).

Armed with nothing but this slim clue, authorities are already on the track of the culprits.

The villains

"These raids are the work of those Cedar Wood sniffers", said an official.

"They're obviously nicking the decanters as gifts for the men in their lives". What makes girls from good homes behave like this?

"Apparently they find our products irresistible", states a Cedar Wood spokesman. "They'll do anything for a sniff".

Where they smashed. One of the shop windows hit by the sniffers.

The secret

The secret of Cedar Wood's remarkable effect on women is closely guarded. But it is known that a blend of 15 subtle essences is used for each of the Cedar Wood products: After Shave (6/-), Pre-Electric (6/-), Cologne (7/-), Talc (4/9), Shaving Bowl (11/-), Haircream (5/9), Brushless Cream (3/6), Hair Groom (8/6) and Deodorant Stick (6/6).

What they grabbed. These handsome Father's Day gift decanters of After Shave (10/6), Pre-Electric (10/6) and Talc (7/-).

Red-handed

Numerous beautiful sniffers have already been caught red-handed. But this latest outrage is a cause for serious concern. "Where is it all going to end?" writes one reader from Tunbridge Wells. Where indeed?

Fathers: Watch out for these girls. They are all known sniffers.

But there are even more com- | he owes some of the glamour | "If only he had been half ahead
tions debate would admit | taller, and his speeches had been

'MR WATSON! COME HERE! I WANT YOU!'

. . . Those immortal words were the first ever spoken over a telephone. Since then, we have not progressed very much in our use of the instrument, and other nations can teach us plenty about the conversational possibilities. What's wrong? Is it the look of The Thing, or the service? MICHAEL STEPHENS examines the past, present and future of the technicalities and the art of telephoning.

The first Post Office phone – 1878.

We sit in our buses and our trains in silent contemplation and mask our faces with expressions of a tight-lipped "sang-froid." The visiting American will call us cozy, cautious and insular, and when he adds "They're crazy!" it sounds sometimes as if he might mean it literally. Even in our restaurants we allow ourselves little more than a muttering silence, and in the streets a rubber-necking visitor will be viewed sometimes with disdain but always surreptitiously.

And there is nothing that better demonstrates our unfriendly, independent (see it as you will) national temperament than the way we don't use our telephones. It is not only the visitor who goes ignored – we even try to ignore each other. The insolent telephone that usurps our dignity with its insistent clangour is widely disliked and despised.

Not so that same ("They're crazy") brash American. He will still be able to go home in August and, as a matter of everyday living, make more phone calls before December than the average Briton will make in the whole year. And Mr Average Canadian is still more loquacious. He manages nearly 600 telephone conversations a year, which makes our measly 100 look as though the GPO might be right in assuming that we don't need too many phones. Perhaps it is only that the Americans and Canadians in their wide-open country are worried that if they lose touch with their friends they might pack up and leave overnight, going West. Everybody knows that going West here is unlikely to get you farther than Chiswick by daybreak, anyway, so nobody who is not gaga tries.

Functional

To the British, telephoning has always been something merely functional and at the most some kind of therapy. We enjoy giving orders over the telephone – to shops, hairdressers, various assorted officials and to our friends telling them to meet us "for a talk," because usually the person on the other end seems to be just part of the machine. The telephone operator in cases of breakdown can be shouted at with a vehemence that would be, well, impossibly ill-mannered face to face, and the only snag with this "therapy" use for the telephone is that the feeling quite clearly operates in both directions along the line.

This is not, however, the way to use and enjoy the telephone to its maximum potential. That we haven't progressed beyond stage one is clear when you realise that the very first telephone conversation ever made (by Alexander Graham Bell) was when he inaugurated his shattering invention in 1876 by bawling down the Boston line, "Mr Watson! Come here! I want you!"

It is the "other nationals" who can teach us best how the telephone should really be used.

In their own countries they actually regard the telephone as a means of conversing with other people and one party's happenings can be relived 40 times in the following few days – which puts an even greater onus on the party-giver to create something talkable about. The telephone has become an integral part of their everyday life. Many Canadians, for example, dial for a daily academic course in languages; in The Hague there is a full-length news bulletin available, and for musicians the tuning note A; in America there are lullabies to soothe the children to sleep and special numbers that would-be suicides can ring for help – as in Britain.

This is more sensible than it sometimes sounds, because psychiatrists have recently discovered that neurotic children can lose their symptoms when telephoning.

But if we are not very good at using our telephones we are hampered by not having very good telephones to use. According to an American survey, Britain has one of the worst telephone services of all industrialised countries. One call in six dialled in London miscarries and the figure might be even worse according to some newspaper surveys. Lord Devonport once said, "The telephone service has become untrustworthy and the trade of London is suffering in consequence." And that was in 1912. Mr Wedgwood Benn, the Postmaster-General, has said that the serious condition of the telephone service is due to "an inadequate investment over many years," and that presumably means from the beginning onwards.

Waiting list

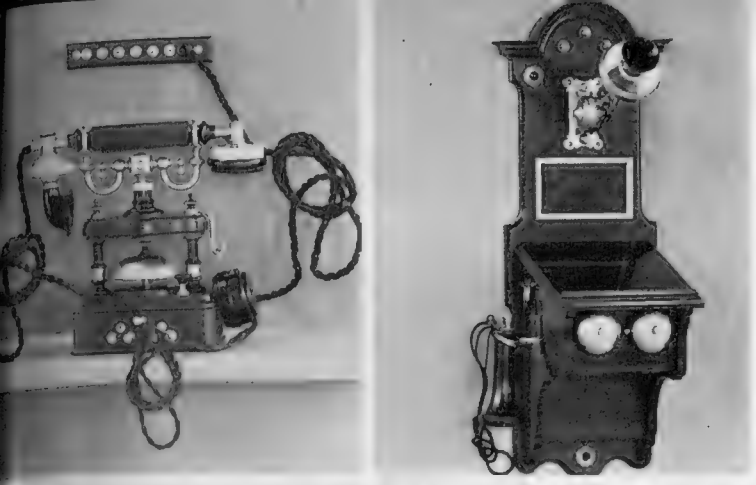
The condition of the service is made worse by so many people who, although they may not use the telephone very much, want one nevertheless . . . to add to the car, plumbing, telly and fridge. In London at present there is a waiting list of about 50,000 and by the beginning of next year the figure is likely to have swollen to 100,000. There are also the unsavouries who creep about after dark with crowbars up their sleeves smashing the public boxes for their tinkling jackpots. Almost 2,400 boxes in London have been put out of action so far and the GPO is now thinking of reintroducing the old-style coin boxes specially strengthened with cast-iron guards.

It might be that it is the appearance of your telephone that puts you off using it more. The GPO have thought of this and are constantly working to produce a new design which will supplant the squat, square and boring "700" type we all use at the moment. In the last few years there have been several non-starters. There

Pedestal – 1924.

Luxury, with illuminated dial – 1965.

Press-button trial phone – 1966.



able instrument, battery operated – 1900. Wall instrument, battery operated –1900

was one attempt to introduce names instead of numbers for the different models and one of the first suggested was the Boudoir Phone – a telephone designed to appeal to women. The name was rejected as incongruent with the GPO image and currently no installations of the phone have been attempted.

Ready to listen

A fact the GPO certainly have (because they have the profits to show it) is that if you are not prepared to converse over the telephone at least you are prepared to listen. WEA, TIM, UMP and ASK all live in a large building opposite St Pancras Town Hall and they give you information ranging from the time and the weather to road conditions and even the sounds of "other nationalities'" dialling tones. The popularity of these numbers – and TIM is the most popular with something like four million callers a month – has given the GPO a few other ideas for popular numbers, but at the moment a "pop" number for the most popular record of the week is still under consideration.

It is still, however, the other industrialised countries' telephone services that may give us the best ideas of how our own service will develop in the future. Push-button telephones, for example, are currently being introduced in some parts of America. Instead of the usual dialling circle, they have two horizontal rows of buttons which are pressed down to dial. The first prototypes of this phone operated a mechanical switch electronically. By pushing a button, a note was sounded, which was picked up by the switching gear in an exchange. Different buttons give different notes, but unfortunately the system in early developments in this country was subject to extraneous noise and a loud blast of *"I Want to Hold Your Hand"* could have put you through to the Ministry of Health.

However, linked to an entirely electronic exchange, such as now operates in the new Post Office Tower, the push-button telephone can give greater reliability with faster connections and lower maintenance costs.

The telephones themselves can be made very small and there are even plans for links to computers so that you could consult your bank balance automatically by just push-dialling a coded number. The introduction of computers to the system already enables faults to be diagnosed and by-passed on auxiliary apparatus and they may even make possible "instant translations" for calls between countries.

In Britain there is an initial trial of push-button phones on the Langham exchange and later they will be standard equipment at a new all-electronic exchange at Leighton Buzzard. Developments are also continuing with "scrambling" conversations, so that most of the sounds in speech are discarded but enough are transmitted to provide perfect intelligibility at the receiving end. This system, at present being investigated in the Guildford area, will enable present cables to carry five times as many calls as they can at the moment.

Unfortunately it is not expected that an all-electronic system will be generally available until the 21st century. But this will give us the chance (assuming we can get hold of a telephone) to practise and improve our use of the machine. We must try and learn to love The Thing. But for those who think they can never learn, there are still two countries in the world that have no phones at all – the Maldive Islands and Bhutan. Phone your travel agent now.

Top to Toe Beauty Treatment happens here

Here at No. 3 Grafton Street, expert hands can actually create beauty...A relaxing all-over massage gets rid of ageing tension. The exclusive Volcanotherm treatment slims off those unwanted inches (from your legs, too–remember, Paris says skirts will stay short, so legs will stay in fashion focus)!

Next, your facial, lying back in absolute bliss...the most thorough cleansing, toning and nourishing treatment you've ever had. Look at that lovely skin. Now you're ready for the world's most famous make-up. Your features come to life with a beauty you never knew you had...and that new trend-setting hairstyle is you–beautiful!

EXCLUSIVE! EYE LASH TINTING...keeps your lashes dark and silky for months!

Helena Rubinstein

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WHO'S WHO AT THE BARBER

Since valets went out of style, it is only his barber to whom no man can be a hero. There is something fundamentally deflating about wet hair, a floppy apron, and another man's strong fingers working away on your scalp. Surprisingly, very few people seem to mind being seen at their barbers.
Like the Turkish bath, it instantly democratises any gathering, and the only class gulf that is recognised is that between autocratic barber and downtrodden customer. *London Life* asked a number of barbers and their customers if we could come along and take pictures of London barber-shops and hair-styles, and received almost universal co-operation from shops, from show-business names, from an Air Marshal, several peers, and from businessmen, some of whom seemed to have very little raw material left for their barbers to work on.
The conclusions we draw from the experience are first, that there is not much but price between any of Central London's barbers, all of whom offer excellent service and command great loyalty from their regulars; and second, that male vanity is not confined simply to juvenile pop stars.
Nearly every customer gives his barber meticulous instructions on the exact style he requires and nearly every instruction is (in the customer's own interest) ignored by the barber.

The Marquess of Bristol at Topper's.

Jess Harvey having a quick set at the Carmen Stand, the Ideal Home Exhibition.

Pop-group The Frugal Sound among the privileged few men cut by Martin & Dominic, next to the Carlton Tower.

Carlton Tower pageboy Eamon

Patrick Wymark at Robert James

Jimmy Tarbuck and boxer Billy Walker

GORDON the MAN

At last: an epic film that promises us personalities as well as spectacle. DAVID QUINLAN examines director Basil Dearden's struggle to see inside the complex character of the mysterious, Bible-quoting military genius who fell at Khartoum.

A lone figure stands on a balcony before thousands of screaming Arabs. Seconds later, his head is hacked off by a spear, and paraded in triumph round a square. Even to many who read their history books, this is the only portrait of General Charles George Gordon, victim of Khartoum, that springs to mind. Few realise that Gordon was the direct predecessor, through a line as straight as a fir-tree, of the lonely, mystic ways of Lawrence of Arabia.

Supreme as a desert soldier – he could have outridden Lawrence on a camel every time – Gordon was at his greatest in championing lost causes for oppressed nations. Yet his non-imperialism in an imperialist age set him a man apart, a man counted by many, however wrongly, as not to be trusted with high command.

Last year, eight decades after the death of Gordon at Khartoum, writer Richard Ardrey, director Basil Dearden and actor Charlton Heston at last set about putting the matter right, by trying to get inside the skin of this complex military genius, and by telling the story of one of the most fantastic sieges, against overwhelming odds, in history.

Cameras clogged

The problems were endless. Sand clogged the cameras. The heat – the film was shot where the events of 1883-85 actually happened – was often 120 degrees Fahrenheit. By 3 pm, the thousands of native extras recruited for battle scenes in the desert had frequently had enough.

A sea battle, hampered by excitable natives and the contrariness of an old steamer, took four days to shoot. But the headaches, which had begun on 9 August, when interiors started shooting at Pinewood in a replica of the Cabinet Room at 10 Downing Street, ended in December, in the North African Desert. *Khartoum* was in the can. But whether or not Gordon's innate character was there with it was something that Dearden could only hope for.

Charles Gordon was born in 1833, a Londoner, the fourth child of 11 in a Victorian family that had Army stamped into it through and through. He was a lonely, inward-looking man. Religious, yet with a religion entirely his own – the Royal Engineers' version of the Bible.

He fought in China and then the Sudan. "People," he once said, "have little idea how little glorious war is. It is organised murder, pillage and cruelty. It is seldom that the weight falls on the fighting man. It is on the women, children and old people." It was sentiments like these that made Gordon refuse to share out women and children among his Arab soldiers after a victory against the slave-traders.

Those fantastic camel rides across the desert, cape flying behind him, happened in the Sudan. Gordon sped like an avenging angel across the sands, and surprised his enemies in their encampments while they were still conspiring. Once he completed 85 miles inside 36 hours, to ride alone and unarmed into the enemy camp, paralysing their hostility with the shock of his courage and conviction.

By 1880 slavery was suppressed. Gordon returned to England . . . and slipped into obscurity. The government refused to trust a man who relied more on instinct than reason.

But among the freed people of the Sudan, the spirit of self-rule began to assert itself. In 1881, a sheik, Mohammad Ahmed, assumed the title of the Mahdi – Arabic for "he who is guided aright" – and led a revolt against the Egyptian overlords. Egypt's soldiers were acknowledged to be among the worst in the world.

In England, Gladstone, a home-rule do-gooder, hated the idea of British commitments abroad, and was all for pulling out what interests England had there. But there were obligations to Egypt over the question of control of the Suez Canal. He decided to leave things as they were.

The Mahdi continued to keep the running war on the simmer. In November, 1883 – the point where Dearden's film starts its narrative – the Sudanese leader ambushed and decimated a 10,000-strong Egyptian army led by the English General Hicks in the depths of the desert. Now, for the first time, the Mahdi, and the fanatical dervishes who followed his every command, had artillery. The dithering Gladstone realised that something had to be done.

Even then it was not until January that Gordon, now a general, left England to command 7,000 inferior, unreliable Egyptian troops in an attempt to stem the tide. Gladstone clung to his distrust of Gordon until the last. But his advisers, searching desperately for a solution, insisted: "Send Gordon. He walks around with a cane and quells rebellions. He doesn't need an army." In the film as Gordon (Charlton Heston) leaves, Gladstone (Ralph Richardson) tells him: "Goodbye, Gordon. God be with you. And I don't envy God."

Murderous band

And so to Khartoum. Gordon, on arrival, soon discovered that the British government had underestimated the power of the Mahdi. He would have to face 200,000 murderous zealots, who soon cut his communications with Cairo, and began to starve him out. From 12 March, 1884, until the following January, Gordon was besieged. His second-in-command, sent for help, was murdered.

Not until August did Gladstone realise the seriousness of the situation, and send 7,000 picked men under General Wolseley to get Gordon out. Gladstone had ordered Gordon to leave, but Gordon disobeyed, despite the fact that the Mahdi would probably have given him safe passage.

In July, Gordon had gauged that Khartoum could hold out for four months. But it was almost Christmas before Wolseley's force was in a position to sail for Khartoum.

When the advance party rounded the bend of the river to come in sight of Khartoum on 28 January, they saw at once that the British flag was down. After nine months of seige, they were 48 hours too late. The Mahdi's men had stormed the city. Gordon, who had stood on the balcony in full uniform, was dead. It was another 13 years before Kitchener retook Khartoum.

For Heston, Gordon represents the greatest challenge in a long line of historical portraits. "The British," he says, "have produced a long line of soldier mystics. Men like Clive of India, Lawrence of Arabia, Orde Wingate of Burma and Montgomery. But Gordon is the most curious and complex – and the most fascinating. A strange mixture of arrogance and humanity, military brilliance, religious fervour and showmanship."

Laurence Olivier found the Mahdi an interesting, but not easy character. The part, he felt, could easily become caricature. By playing it quietly, Olivier felt more power would be achieved. He acted with face and voice. Time and again, he would ask Dearden: "Can you see the eyes?"

To retell the story, producer Julian Blaustein needed 200 technicians, 500 local helpers, thousands of extras, hundreds of horses and camels . . . and the desert. It remains to be seen whether Dearden and his men have achieved in four months what some directors could not have done in four years.

Gordon (Charlton Heston) is welcomed by hundreds of natives as their saviour when he arrives in Khartoum to fend off the Mahdi's dervish army.

New wide-angle camera gives London Life

All 200,000 of the Dervishes were promised by their leader, the Mahdi, as they sought to end Egyptian-Turkish rule in the Sudan, that when they went into battle, 10,000 angels would go ahead of them, that the enemy's bullets would be turned to water, and that those who died would go straight to Paradise. The time is 1885. The place: somewhere near Khartoum. Now, in 1966, director Basil Dearden seeks to re-create the frenzy with which they fought, and the disaster they brought to General Gordon, played in this new epic film by Charlton Heston. These colour photographs were captured by a new wide-angle stills system called New York, which will have its first promotional use for *Khartoum*.

new angle on the battle drama of Khartoum

Little boy lost

It can be a pretty sad London life – especially if you are a little boy and lost you don't know how many miles away from home. One morning recently photographer John Benton Harris was swinging gaily across Albert Bridge and he saw this lad sobbing by the balustrade. "He was crying and his face had got dirty with the tears. He couldn't remember where he lived and only knew his first name." After settling his artistic conscience by making a study of the child on the bridge, Benton Harris settled his social conscience and walked the child into the King's Road and flagged down the first police car he saw.

KEEPING

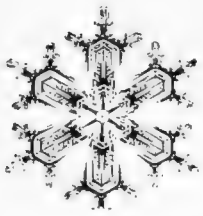
COOL

WITH LONDON LIFE

Chill yourself with champagne in this slip of a dress in acetate-jersey, the colour of crushed strawberries. By Bernshaw, 3½ guineas, at Fenwick; Dickins & Jones. Blue and red plastic diamond earrings, by Corocraft, 10s 6d, at Dickins & Jones. Fenwick, New Bond Street, W1 (MAY 9161); Dickins & Jones, Regent Street, W1 (REG 7070).

Continued in a more sober vein overleaf

KEEPING
COOL



WITH
LONDON LIFE
(continued)

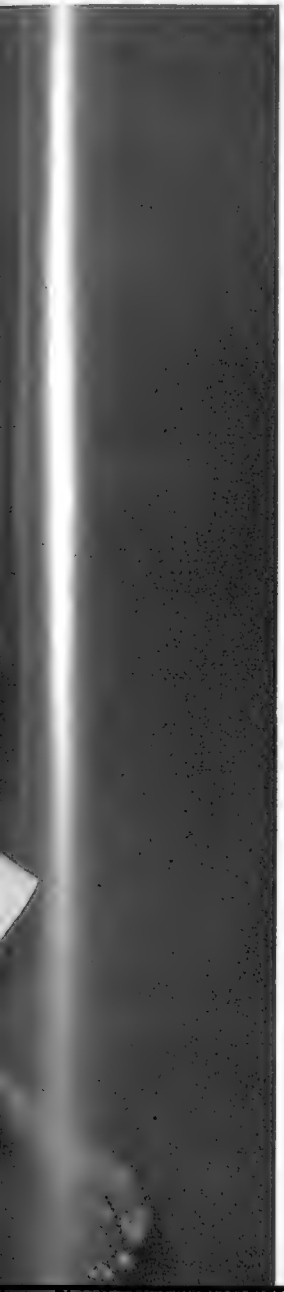
Cool, cool Madras trouser suit. Too hot? Peel it off to a short shirt. Still too hot? Strip and there's a bikini . . . you can't get cooler than that. Jacket, 6½ guineas, trousers, 3 guineas, shirt, 2½ guineas, bikini, £2 9s 6d, at Wallis, in turquoise and pale blue or pink and wine. Sunglasses to give the coolest outlook on life by Oliver Goldsmith, 4 guineas, at Marshall & Snelgrove. White boots, inset with vinyl, 8½ guineas at Bally. Wallis, 490 Oxford Street, W1 (MAY 2171), 217 Oxford Street, W1 (GER 1527), 15 Brompton Road, SW3 (KNI 1368); Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W1 (LAN 3000); Bally, 116 New Bond Street, W1 (MAY 6505); Bally Boutique, 132 King's Road, SW3 (KEN 6886).

FOUR PICTURES TO SHOW THE TROUSER SUIT THAT STRI

Air-conditioned all through in this white string dress (above), 15 guineas, at Susan Locke. Long, cool drink from Trader Vic's. Susan Locke, 414 King's Road, SW10 (FLA 1998); Trader Vic's, London Hilton, Park Lane, W1 (HYD 7586).

Into the cool of the evening with this patio suit (right) with open trellis-work sides, by Tony Armstrong, 14 guineas, at Tony Armstrong Boutique; Woollands. Mouth-watering turquoise earrings by Felicity Bosanquet, 3 guineas, at Marrian-McDonnell. Tony Armstrong Boutique, 109 Walton Street, SW3 (KNI 5712); Woollands, Knightsbridge, SW1 (BEL 6000); Marrian-McDonnell, 80 Sloane Avenue, SW3 (589:0717).

OWN TO BARE ESSENTIALS



KEEP COOL

WITH
LONDON LIFE

TEN COLD COMFORTS FOR WARM DAYS

Here are ten cool ways of living through warm days, should there be any. Eat ice-cream – make it yourself in an ice-cream churn that comes from Scandinavia, £9 6s 9d from Harrods . . . Defrost some orange juice – Birds Eye frozen orange concentrate (sugar-free) costs 2s 3d a can, makes 1¼ pints when diluted . . . For iced lemonade, try Minute Maid's frozen lemon juice . . . Buy a portable ice-box by Coleman, useful for caravans, boats or picnics, £10 19s 6d from Harrods . . . Listen to Dizzy Gillespie's long-play, *The Cool World*, 33s 1d from Dobell's Jazz Record Shop, 77 Charing Cross Road (GER 5746) . . . Fan up a breeze with a large or small portable fan – large Limit fan with protected blades, £11 7s 7d; small plastic desk fan, £2 17s 6d, both from Harrods . . . Sip some iced coffee, made with cold milk and Kenco iced coffee concentrate, 5s 11d from Kenco branches . . . Cool off your face with Pond's new Fresh Start medicated cleanser, a jelly that tingles coldly as it cleans, 4s 6d from branches of Boots and most chemists . . . Clean up with Boots' own 365 Fresh'n-up Pads, 1s 9d a tin . . . And coolest of all, buy ice from United Carlo Gatti of Battersea (BAT 0072–5), in whose ice-storage room we took this picture. They make daily deliveries of crushed, block or snow ice – their cubed ice costs 5s for a 10-lb polythene pack.

Photograph by Tony Evans

WHERE TO GO IF THE TEMPERATURE SHOULD SOAR...

London is not really geared to hot-weather living, and unfortunately doesn't usually need to be. But here are *London Life*'s ideas on where to go for a quick refresher, where to eat in cool comfort, and how to enjoy life even if the temperature should by chance rise into the eighties.

OUTSIDE EATING: There is a handful of good restaurants where you can lunch or dine outside, Continental style, on warm days. These include:

La Terrasse Tio Pepe, 13 Shepherd's Place, Upper Brook Street, W1 (MAY 7892). A delightful French restaurant, with seating for about 30 on pavement outside (Shepherd's Place is an enclosed little area with no traffic). If no tables are available outdoors you can reserve one in the restaurant itself near the windows, which fold right back. *A la carte* approximately 35s a head, without wine. Lunches 12.30-3, dinners 7-11. Closed Sundays. Romantic guitar music in evenings. Booking essential.

Au Pere De Nico, 10 Lincoln Street, SW3 (KNI 4704). Attractive open-air courtyard at back with seating for 35. Infra-red heating from above if evenings turn chilly. French menu with specialities like *cailles aux rasins* – £1 (quails with grapes); and *quenelles de brochet – moussé* of pike served with sauce – 13s. Do a special three-course luncheon at 10s. Open 12.30-2.30 and 7-11.30, Sundays 7-10.30. Advisable to book – especially if you want to sit in the garden.

Lorenzo San Osteria, 22 Beauchamp Place, SW3 (KNI 1074). Italian, with attractive shady courtyard at back of restaurant with seating for 30. *A la carte* menu between 30s-£2 a head with wine. Make their own pastas and bread. Menu and specialities changed daily. Open 12.30-3 and 6.30-11.30. Closed Sundays.

Jacaranda, Walton House, Walton Street, SW3 (KEN 0075). Italian-styled courtyard, with seating for 62. Open for lunchtime customers only, but you can have drinks and coffee outside in the evenings until 10.30. Pick your own trout from pond in courtyard. The Jacaranda is now doing a special set lunch for 13s 6d. Specialities on their *à la carte* menu, which should work out at an average of 28s per head plus carafe wine, include *molusco Portofino* – clams on the shell; *costoletta alla sassi* – veal cutlets sautéd in butter with sage leaves, white wine and Parisienne potatoes. Guitar music at night. Open 12.30-3 and 6.30-11.30, Sundays 7-10.

Elysee, 13 Percy Street, W1 (MUS 4804). First-floor terrace restaurant with seating for 90 where you can sit under umbrellas or sunbathe while enjoying speciality Greek and French dishes. The *plat du jour* – main dish with all the trimmings – costs 15s 6d. *A la carte* works out between 21s and 30s a head. At night the terrace is romantically lit with tiny coloured lanterns. Dancing nightly (but not outdoors) to Greek Bouzouki music, and twice nightly cabaret of Greek songs and dances. Essential to book in fine weather.

Rose Garden Restaurant, Inner Circle, Regent's Park (WEL 5729). Seating on terrace outside for 74 – part reserved for waiter service, part for help-yourself cafeteria section. Set lunches available at 14s 6d, or *à la carte* should work out at just under £1 a head. Fully licensed, and open from 10 to 10 seven days a week. Also morning coffees and afternoon teas. Reservations taken by telephone.

OPEN-AIR MUSIC: Sitting by a lakeside listening to good music drifting towards you over water makes a delightful summer evening. There are lakeside concerts at Kenwood at 8 pm on Saturdays through June and July. On 11 June the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Charles Mackerras, is playing the *Roman Carnival* overture; music from the Royal Fireworks; ballet suite *Pineapple Roll* and Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. Deckchairs, numbered and reserved, are 4s 6d and bookable up to 12 noon on the day of concert from the Chief Officer, Parks Dept, Cavell House, 2a Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 5464, ext 133). Admission on the night: deckchairs 4s, sitting on the grass 2s 6d. Open-air concerts are also being held at Crystal Palace Concert Bowl on Sunday evenings 12 June-10 July, and at Holland Park on Sunday evenings 24 July-14 August. Details for booking as for Kenwood.

TIRED FEET: Feet are the first to suffer in hot weather and if you are footsore, weary and generally exhausted, call in at Scholl's West End Salon – 254 Regent Street, W1 (REG 3583), and treat yourself to the luxury of their new "Miss Scholl Pedicure-Plus Service." The one-hour session costs 30s, and includes an ozone steam treatment that relaxes feet and ankles and helps to get rid of skin impurities; the pampering of feet and ankles in fluffy scented towels, followed by hand massage with rejuvenating creams; electric massage of feet and ankles with vibrating rubber discs to stimulate circulation, and friction rubs, moisturising cream massages, powdering and colognes. All the time you relax in reclining chairs in elegantly designed cubicles. Open 9-5.30, Saturdays 9-1 pm.

HAIRDRESSING SALON: Most hairdressing salons are stuffy even on a cold day, but **Derek Roe's** new one at 164 Brompton Road (KNI 3671) is fully air-conditioned. Clients relax on brown leather *chaises-longues* under air-conditioned driers designed to dry your hair quickly without ever getting over-hot. Iced drinks, open sandwiches &c available from Norwegian Food Centre next door. (Shampoo and set 25s, haircutting 25s.)

At **Leonard,** 6 Upper Grosvenor Street, W1 (MAY 5757) you can sit out on a balcony while under the drier, and though the salon is not air-conditioned yet (it's coming later in the summer), large windows at front and back ensure a cooling breeze on most hot days. You can also have a cold shower, a pedicure, a sauna bath (said to be most refreshing in spite of all the hot steam) for one guinea, or a sauna followed by relaxing body massage for £2 6s. (Shampoo and set costs 25s, haircutting 25s. If by Leonard himself, 2 guineas in each case.)

A FACIAL is another way of relaxing and cooling-off. At **Elizabeth Arden's** salon at 25 Old Bond Street, W1 (MAY 8211), a one-hour facial costs £2 5s, 30-minute body massage £1 10s, or full body massage £2 2s.

CAR HIRE: None of the big firms in London has open sports cars or convertibles for hiring but **Belgravia Car Hire** is probably the only leading car-hire firm where you can hire a sunshine-roof car. This, the Triumph Herald 1250, costs £2 10s a day, with 30 free miles and 4d a mile after. Weekly charge is £15 10s, with 210 free miles on clock, then 4d a mile.

ICE-CREAM: Delicious sundaes, milk shakes &c available at **Fortnum's Soda Fountain Restaurant.** Knickerbocker Glories with all the trimmings cost 7s, or a Maple Dipper – melon and coffee ice-cream with maple fudge sauce, whipped cream and chopped nuts, 5s. Choice of about a dozen different kinds of ice-cream sodas and an equal number of milk shakes. Open 9.30 am-11.30 pm, Saturdays 9.30-12.30.

An aerial view of the Albert Hall's double-domed roof, its fluted aluminium skin clearly visible.

IF YOU THOUGHT THE ALBERT HALL IS ROUND . . .

This week and every week things are happening at the Royal Albert Hall, probably the most famous – and certainly the largest – in Europe. It was built from the proceeds of the Great International Exhibition of 1851 initiated and inspired by Prince Albert. He would perhaps be slightly startled to know the wide variety of events that happen there these days. This week, for example, there is a Supreme Wrestling Spectacular, a folk concert and quite soon a Wolf Cubs' pageant.

The Hall holds 8,000 people; the Royal Festival Hall holds 2,000. The dome, incorporating 400 tons of metal, is the most spacious in Europe and the whole cost of repairs – on which £300,000 has been spent in the last 10 years alone – is met by a body of seat-holders. This is under a Voluntary Capital Contribution legalised in Parliament by the Royal Albert Hall Act of 1951. The rent of the Hall, payable to the Royal Commissioners who granted the 999-year lease, is 1s a year.

It is built on the site of what was the "Vatican of Gastronomy," a number of highly unusual buildings built by a famous cuisinier, Alexis Soyer, to cater for visitors to the Great Exhibition. Originally called Gore House, it was also the residence of the Countess of Blessington and a social focus for many literary and scientific men of merit until her death in 1849; Dickens and Thackeray were among many she entertained.

But it was not until July 1865, four years after the death of Prince Albert, that a meeting was held at Marlborough House under the presidency of King Edward VII, as he was later to be called, "with a view of promoting the erection of a great Central Hall, the want of which for various purposes connected with science and art, has long been felt."

The construction of the building itself took only four years, despite the delay caused by the discovery of an unsuspected stream flowing underground from the Serpentine to the Thames at the rate of eight gallons a minute. The Hall is built in Italian Renaissance style from an original design by Captain Fowke, RE, based on the Colosseum at Rome. It is not completely circular as might be imagined, the actual measurements of the interior being 219 feet long and 185 feet wide, with an external height of 155 feet.

The double-domed roof, with the fluted aluminium skin perforated and backed with rock wool, superseded the former woven linen duck awning, known as the Velarium. Scientific tests have proved that this addition has completely eliminated the famous echo that marred the perfection of the acoustics.

One of the most notable features of the interior design is that the absence of overhanging circles and pillars provides an unrivalled and unobstructed view of the flat arena in the centre. This is not only unusual but beautiful. Also unusual, also beautiful, and described as "the greatest and most complete instrument in the world," is the organ, built by Henry Willis and played for the first time by W T Best on 18 July 1871. The organ has five keyboards (four of them manual), 143 speaking stops and over 10,000 pipes, the largest of which is over 40 feet long and weighs nearly a ton; the smallest is the size of a straw.

An interesting aspect of the Hall is the fact that the whole of the printing is done on the premises, a complicated operation which has to be carried out with the utmost speed and efficiency, as 7,000 to 8,000 tickets have to be printed for each event . . . and this runs to over 2 million tickets every year.

The stewards who assist the audiences to their seats are derived from, and still form the nucleus of, the Corps of Honorary Stewards, who were originally drawn from members of the Sacred Philharmonic Society, an amateur choral society. Since 1948, restaurant facilities have been available in the Prince Consort Suite and special facilities have been created within the Hall itself to deal with catering on the most extensive scale – for the Chelsea Arts Ball, Sainsbury's Annual Staff Dinner and similar functions.

In this, the centenary year of its incorporation by Royal Charter under the title of "The Corporation of the Hall of Arts and Sciences," it has already been the scene of many notable gatherings. There has been an increased number of concerts given by young musicians. Bob Dylan gave a concert there last week, Buffy Sainte-Marie, the American Indian folk-singer, gave a concert there a few Sundays before, Jacques Loussier, the "swing Bach" French jazz pianist also gave a concert there last week. The Rolling Stones are due in September.

Dale Martin's World Championship Wrestling Match; Bill Monroe and the Blue Grass Boys; *Adventure Unknown*, a musical pageant for Wolf Cubs with a cast of 1,000 to celebrate their Jubilee Year and the Hungarian State Gipsy Ensemble. A varied programme, indeed.

HUGH BLACKWELL

Dale Martin's Supreme Wrestling Spectacular: 8 June, 7.45 pm; Bill Monroe and the Blue Grass Boys: 10 June, 7.30 pm; and, looking ahead, Henry Wood Promenade Concerts: 23 July – 17 September.

As the French Championships showed last week, and as no doubt the Wightman Cup will bear out this week, British tennis is a sad mixture of promising futures and disappointing pasts. That is, except for one woman. COLIN BELL discusses:

THE ADVANTAGE OF MRS JONES

Ann Haydon Jones is the only one of the brilliant youngsters of the '50s who has consistently lived up to something like the hopes we entertained. She is also the only British tennis player who manages not merely to pull out the occasional triumph against better players, but – distinctly un-British this – she customarily beats anyone who isn't as good as she is.

Regrettably for British tennis, Mrs Jones is also an intelligent woman: and since her marriage four years ago to Pip Jones, a Midlands businessman, tennis official, and her senior by 33 years, she has abandoned the 12-month world tennis circuit in favour of a housewife's career, taking time out only for a few major championships.

Her view is simply that her marriage is more important than her tennis – particularly since she also takes a sternly realistic view of her own tennis prospects. "I reckon," she says, "to get to the Wimbledon semi-finals. That's about my mark." Despite her latter-day pragmatism, she has had a career that could have been scripted by Ted Willis. The daughter of two table-tennis internationals, she began playing with them when she was eight. At 14 she was an England table-tennis international; and a semi-finalist at Junior Wimbledon.

In 1955, at 16 the defending Junior Champion, she stormed off a court at Wimbledon in protest at an opponent's pat-a-cake play. In 1959 she decided that she couldn't stay at the top in two sports, and chose to concentrate on lawn-tennis. In 1961 she won her first major tennis championship, the French, having been a perpetual runner-up in tournaments until then. In 1962, after massive Press speculation, she married, very quietly, Mr Jones, an old friend of her parents. In 1964, she announced her retirement, rather equivocally: it turned out that she wasn't giving up altogether, merely abandoning the full-time tennis circus. In 1965 she took lessons from Maureen Connolly, and announced she had regained her zest for the game. And in 1966 she started off her own season by taking the Italian Championship in swinging style.

She is thoroughly sensible, and instead of mere vanity, has a strong vein of self-respect – which means that instead of thinking she's the greatest, she has the inestimable advantage of working hard to make sure she does not give a performance below her best.

Left-handers don't often get to the very top, and players who recognise that there's far more to life than 10 years on the glamorous centre courts of the world don't either: but this year, just this once, Mrs Jones might make nonsense of all the old form rules.

Study in concentration: Mrs Jones winning a match.

The Wightman Cup will be played for at Wimbledon on Friday 10 June and Saturday 11 June. Starting Friday 2.30 pm. Saturday 2 pm. Tickets: 15s covered seats, 12s 6d uncovered, 6s standing, from the All England Lawn Tennis Club, Church Road, SW19.

Thursday 9 June

Show: Richmond Horse Show (till 11th)
Dinner: Coaching Club Dinner, Hurlingham
Ballet: *Swan Lake*, Covent Garden, 7.30 pm
Concert: London Symphony Orchestra, soloist Evelyn Lear, Royal Festival Hall, 8.0 pm
Jazz: Erroll Garner Trio, Fairfield Hall, Croydon, 8.0 pm

Friday 10 June

Ball: Red Hat Ball, Hurlingham
Colours: The Queen will present new Colours to the 1st Battalion, Irish Guards, at Buckingham Palace, am
Tennis: Wightman Cup Match, Great Britain v USA (ladies) (and 11th), Wimbledon
Concert: Bill Monroe and the Blue Grass Boys, Royal Albert Hall, 7.30 pm
Swimming: Great Britain v Hungary (and 11th), Coventry, Warwickshire

Saturday 11 June

Custom: Trooping the Colour. The Queen will take the Salute at the Queen's Birthday Parade
Polo: Ascot week Tournament, Windsor Great Park
Racing: Clubman's Motor Cycle Races, Brands Hatch
Concert: BBC International Festival of Light Music, Royal Festival Hall, 7.30 pm
Festival: Salvation Army Festival, Fairfield Hall, 7.0 pm
Shooting: National Small-bore Rifle Association Meeting (to 18th), Bisley, Surrey

Sunday 12 June

Concert: New Philharmonia Orchestra Trust will present concert of horn, clarinet and cello at the Victoria and Albert Museum, 7.30 pm
Concert: Mischa Elman (violin), Royal Festival Hall, 3.0 pm
Concert: London Symphony Orchestra, Royal Festival Hall, 7.30 pm

Monday 13 June

Service: The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will attend a service for the Order of the Garter, at St George's Chapel, Windsor
Concert: Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, Royal Festival Hall, 8.0 pm
Sailing: "Swordfish" Championship (to 17th), Plymouth

Tuesday 14 June

Racing: Royal Ascot (to 17th)
Exhibition: Hong Kong Photography, 55 Pall Mall (till 24th)
Fair: The Book Collectors Fair, 1966 (till 18th), National Book League, 7 Albemarle Street, W1
Opera: *La Bohème*, colour film of Puccini's opera, Royal Festival Hall, 8.0 pm
Theatre: Opening of Summer season Folk Theatre. *The Unexpected Guest*, Ashcroft Theatre, Croydon, 8 pm (till 18th)

Wednesday 15 June

Festival: Llandaff Festival of Music, Llandaff Cathedral, Glamorgan (till 24th)
Concert: Claire Bernard (violin), Fenton House, Hampstead, 8.0 pm
Ballet: *The Lady and the Fool* and *Two Pigeons*, Covent Garden, 7.30 pm
Recital: Sviatoslav Richter, piano recital, Royal Festival Hall, 8.0 pm

THEATRE

FIRST FIVE: 1 The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie. 2 Man & Superman. 3 Funny Girl. 4 The Killing of Sister George. 5 Song at Twilight.

With *Come Spy With Me*, writer-composer Brian Blackburn and director Ned Sherrin have produced a decidedly odd something that nevertheless looks like being another winner for the Whitehall, a theatre until now associated with family farce under the directorship of Brian Rix.

Farce is not too far away in this comedy musical, and five years ago the show might have been just that; 10 years ago it would probably have been a brittle little revue with a silly title. Today it contains elements of both. There is a plot (I think), something to do with spies, a stolen wonder drug and sudden murder. And there are songs but, with a couple of exceptions, they are point numbers in which the cast steps out of character to deliver with the clean-cut panache of a well-drilled concert party.

This is the level, I think. *Come Spy With Me* has a pier-end feeling; its topical references are as obvious as the GPO tower (and that's one); its gags are ancient, blue and desperately corny ("Anything for a gag," says one character apologising for gagging Barbara Windsor with a C & A scarf). But there is a sparkle of good intent and a crisp attack; its only pretention seems to be to amuse and divert, and in this it succeeds.

Bill Simpson (television's Dr. Finlay) is to act in the West End in the new play, "Adam's Apple."

Leading the cast is Danny la Rue who instantly adds a new dimension to the conventions of the musical. The show is largely built round his ability to change from one spectacular female garb to another and this he does, about a dozen times. Camp in the specious sense is carefully avoided and though sexual ambiguity is always there it is never more harmful, or less amusing, than the seaside post card.

Barbara Windsor has never been seen to greater advantage: as Mavis Apple she is totally enchanting, revealing depths of tender vulnerability. Richard Wattis also has a role that fits him ideally; his clipped, British dead-pan style reaches a new height here.

The Royal Shakespeare Company is back in residence at the Aldwych with a new comedy, *Tango* by Slawomir Mrozek. It appears to be based on the theory that too much moral freedom is as pernicious as too much restraint. There is some original comic thought but it wears thin and one is left to admire the expert performances.

J roger baker

On Tuesday 7 June, the Black and White Minstrel Show, with its 2,510th performance a the Victoria Palace, establishes a world record run for a musical.

WEST END

openings

Th 9 June: **DAYS IN THE TREES,** Royal Shakespeare Company, Aldwych Theatre, The Strand, WC2 (TEM 6404). Author: Marguerite Duras. Translator: Sonia Orwell. Dir: John Schlesinger. Cast: Peggy Ashcroft, George Baker, Frances Cuka. 7.0

W 15 June: **THERE'S A GIRL IN MY SOUP.** Globe, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 1592). Author: Terence Frisby. Director: Peter Chetwyn. Cast: Barbara Ferris, Jon Pertwee, Donald Sinden

current

ALIBI FOR A JUDGE, Savoy, Strand, WC2 (TEM 8888). Authors: Felicity Douglas, Henry Cecil. Dir: Hugh Goldie. Stars: Andrew Cruickshank, Colin Gordon, Elvi Hale. High Court judge gets involved with the pretty wife of a man he has sent down. 8.0 (ends 10.20). W 2.30 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.20). Opened 4 Aug 1965

THE ANNIVERSARY, Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 5122). Author Bill MacIlwraith. Dir: Patrick Dromgoole. Evil mother and terrified family. Comedy. Cast: Michael Crawford, Sheila Hancock. 8.0 (ends 10.15). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.45); 8.30 (ends 10.45). W: 3.0. Opened 20 Apr 1966

ARSENIC & OLD LACE, Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (TEM 4871). Author: Joseph Kesselring. Dir: Murray Macdonald. Revival of a classic black comedy. Cast: Sybil Thorndike, Athlene Seyler, Richard Briers, Desmond Walter-Ellis. 8.0 (ends 10.20). W: 2.45 (ends 5.5). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.20). Opened 23 Feb 1966

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK, Piccadilly, opp Regent Palace Hotel, W1 (GER 4506). Author: Neil Simon. Dir: Richard Benjamin. Cast: Robin Hunter, Polly James. Young-married troubles. Broadway-style comedy. M-F: 8.0 (ends 10.0). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.0), 8.45 (ends 10.45). W: 2.30 (ends 4.30). Opened 24 Nov 1965

BEYOND THE FRINGE 1965, May Fair, May Fair Hotel, Stratton Street, W1 (MAY 3036). Authors: Alan Bennett, Peter Cook, Jonathan Miller, Dudley Moore. Dir: David Phethean. Stars: John Dryden, Bill Hepper, Peter Honri, Peter Baldwin. The material has almost an historical interest now. 8.40 (ends 10.50). Th & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10). Opened 15 Apr 1964

BLACK & WHITE MINSTREL SHOW, Victoria Palace, Victoria Street, SW1 (VIC 1317). Dir: George Inns. Stars: George Mitchell Minstrels with Don Arrol, Neville King, Dai Francis, John Boulter, Tony Mercer. Songs and dances cease only for interludes of comedy. 6.15 (ends 8.20); 8.45 (ends 10.50). Opened 15 May 1962

BOEING-BOEING, Duchess, Catherine Street, WC2 (TEM 8243). Author: Marc Camoletti (translated by Beverley Cross). Dir: Jack Minter. Stars: Nicholas Parsons, Simon Merrick. Three girls, two boys, seven doors . . . permutations endless. 8.0 (ends 10.10); W: 2.45 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.15 (ends 7.20). Opened 20 Feb 1962

CHARLIE GIRL, Adelphi, Strand, WC2 (TEM 7611). Book by Hugh and Margaret Williams. Music and lyrics by David Heneker and John Taylor. Dir: Wallace Douglas. Cast: Anna Neagle, Joe Brown, Hy Hazell. The stately homes racket receives gentle satire with romantic interest, songs and dancing. 7.30 (ends 10.0). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.30). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Opened 15 Dec 1965

COME INTO THE GARDEN MAUD and **SHADOWS OF THE EVENING,** Queen's, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (REG 1166). Author: Noël Coward. Dir: Vivian Ma alon. Contrasting double bill. Cast. Noël Coward, Lilli P mer Irene Worth. T, F & Sat: 8.0 ends 10.30); Th: 2.30 (ends 5.0). O ened 25 Apr 1966

COME SPY WITH ME, Whi hall, Trafalgar Square, SW1 WHI 6692). Music and Lyrics: Brian Blackburn. Dir: Ned S rrin. Stars: Danny La Rue, B bara Windsor, Biff McGuire, R hard Wattis. 7.30. Cont: 8.30. Fri Sat: 5.45, 8.45. Opened 31 May

THE DOCTOR'S DILE MA, Comedy, Panton Street, SW1 WHI 2578). Author: G B Shaw. Dir: Laurier Lister. Stars: Max A rian, Eleanor Bron, Griffith ones, George Merritt, John Woo vine, Barry Justice. 7.45. Wed Mat: 2.30. Sat: 5.0, 8.15. Opened 2 Jun

A FRIEND INDEED, Cambridge Theatre, Earlham treet, WC2 (TEM 6056). Author: W lliam Douglas-Home. Dir: Jack M nster. Diplomatic carryings-on in Rome. Cast: David Tomlinson, David Hutcheson. 8.0 (ends 10.10). Th mat: 2.45 (ends 5.0). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10); 8.30 (ends 10.40). Opened 27 Apr 1966

FUNNY GIRL, Prince of Wales, Coventry Street, W1 (WHI 8681). Lyrics: Bob Merrill. Music: Jule Styne. From the book by Isobel Lennart. Dir: Lawrence Kasha. Fanny Brice revealed. Cast: Barbra Streisand, Michael Craig. (Sat: 8.0 Lisa Shane) (ends 10.30). Sat: 3.0 (ends 5.20). Opened 13 Apr 1966

HELLO DOLLY! Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (TEM 8108). Adapted by Michael Stuart from Thornton Wilder's play The Matchmaker. Music: Jerry Herman. Dir and choreographer: Gower Champion. A grand illusion. Cast: Dora Bryan, Bernard Spear. 7.30 (ends 10.0). W & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Opened 2 Dec 1965

AN IDEAL HUSBAND, Strand,

Aldwych, WC2 (TEM 4143). Author: Oscar Wilde. Dir: James Roose Evans. Fin de siècle morality among the Wildest epigrams. Cast: Margaret Lockwood, Richard Todd, Michael Denison, Dulcie Gray, Ursula Jeans, Roger Livesey, Perlita Nelson. 7.30 (ends 10.0). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.30). Opened 16 Dec 1965

THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE, St Martin's, West Street, off Cambridge Circus, WC2 (TEM 1443). Author: Frank Marcus. Dir: Val May. Stars: Beryl Reid, Lally Bowers, Eileen Atkins. Lesbian radio actress loses her part and her lover. 8.0 (ends 10.25). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.55); 8.30 (ends 11.0). W: 3.0 (ends 5.25). Opened 17 June 1965

LET'S GET A DIVORCE. Mermaid, Puddle Dock, Blackfriars, EC4 (CIT 7656). Authors: Sardou and Najac. English version: Angela and Robert Goldsby. Dir: Robert Midgley. Stars: Fenella Fielding, Hugh Paddick, Barry Foster. Tue-Sat: 6.10, 8.40. Opened 2 June. Ends 9 July

LONDON LAUGHS, London Palladium, Argyll Street, W1 (GER 7373). Choreographer: Douglas Squires. Dir: Robert Nesbit. Cast: Harry Secombe, Jimmy Tarbuck. 6.15 (ends 8.30); 8.45 (ends 11.0); Sat Mat: 2.40 (ends 5.30). Opened 6 May 1966

MAN & SUPERMAN, Garrick, Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 4601). Author: G B Shaw. Dir: Philip Wiseman. Battle of the Sexes. Cast: Alan Badel, Sian Phillips, June Thorburn, John Robinson, Marie Löhr, Terence Rigby. 7.45 (ends 10.30). Th & Sat: 3.0 (ends 5.45). Opened 23 Nov 1965

THE MATCHGIRLS, Globe, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 1592). Author: Bill Owen. Dir: Gillian Lynne. Music by: Tony Russell. The first women's strike. Cast: Vivienne Martin, Marion Grimaldi, Gerald Hely. 8.0 (ends 10.15). F & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.30 (ends 10.45). Opened 1 Mar 1966. Ends 11 June

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. New Shakespeare Company, Open-air Theatre, Regent's Park, NW1 (HUN 1813). Author: William Shakespeare. Dir: Michael Meacham. Stars: Russell Hunter, Caroline Blakiston, Louise Breslin, Edgar Wreford, John Turner, Bernard Hopkins, John Warner. 7.45. Mats: W, Th & Sat: 2.30

THE MOUSETRAP, Ambassadors, West End, off Cambridge Circus, WC2 (TEM 1171). Author: Agatha Christie. After 14 years still a mystery. Dir: D Ramsden. Cast: John Cobner, Diana Scougall. 8.0 (ends 10.30). T: 2.45 (ends 5.10). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30); 8.0 (ends 10.30). Opened 25 Nov 1952

OLIVER! New Theatre, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 3878). Composer: Lionel Bart. Dir: Peter Coe. Stars: Aubrey Woods, Nicolette Roeg, Peter Bartlett. Dickens's London brought to musical life. 7.45 (ends 10.15). T & Sat: 4.30 (ends 6.50). Opened 30 June 1960

ON THE LEVEL, Saville, Shaftesbury Avenue, WC2 (TEM 4011). Author: Ronald Millar. Music by Ron Grainer. Dir: Wendy Toye. GCE gets groovy. Cast: Barrie Ingham, Angela Richards, Gary Bond. 7.45 (ends 10.20). Wed Mat: 2.30 (ends 5.5). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.5). 8.30 (ends 11.5). Opened T 19 Apr 1966

ON THE WAGON. Mermaid, Puddle Dock, Blackfriars, EC4 (CIT 7656). Dir: Julius Gellner. Cast: Bernard Miles. Mon only: 8.40 (ends 11.0). Opened 6 Jan 1966. Ends 9 July

THE OWL & THE PUSSY CAT, Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (WHI 3216). Author: Bill Manhoff. Dir: Shirley Butler. Pretty girl versus intellectual man. Cast: Diana Sands, Anton Rodgers. 8.15 (ends 10.35). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.45 (ends 11.0). Wed: 3.0 (ends 5.15). Opened 2 Mar 1966

THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE, Wyndham's Theatre, Charing Cross Road (TEM 3028). Adapted from the novel by Muriel Spark by Joy Presson Allen. Dir: Peter Wood. Schoolmistress of decided idiosyncracy. Cast: Vanessa Redgrave, Andrew Crawford, William Squire, Dorothy Reynolds. 8.0 (ends 10.15). W Mat: 3.0 (ends 5.15). Sat: 5.45 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 10.45). Opened 5 May 1966

ROBERT & ELIZABETH, Lyric, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 3686). Composer: Ron Grainer. Book: Ronald Millar. Dir: Wendy Toye. Stars: Donald Wolfit, Jane Fyffe, Kevin Colson. The Barretts of Wimpole Street get the songs and dance treatment. 7.30 (ends 10.25). Th & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.25). Opened 20 Oct 1964

SAY WHO YOU ARE, Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 6606). Authors: Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall. Dir: Shirley Butler. Stars: Ian Carmichael, Patrick Cargill, Dilys Laye, Jan Holden. Sophisticated farce. M-Th: 8.15 (ends 10.25). F & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10); 8.45 (ends 10.55). Opened 14 Oct 1965

SONG AT TWILIGHT. Queen's, Shaftesbury Avenue. W1 (REG 1166). Author: Noël Coward. Dir: Vivian Matalon. Skeletons rattle in elderly author's cupboard. Cast: Noël Coward, Lilli Palmer, Irene Worth. M, W & Th: 8.0 (ends 10.30). Sat Mat: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Opened 14 Apr 1966

THE SOUND OF MUSIC, Palace, Cambridge Circus, W1 (GER 6834). Composers: Rodgers and Hammerstein. Book: Lindsay and Crouse. Dir: Jerome Whyte. Stars: Sonia Rees, Eunice Gayson, Donald Scott. Nazi invasion in the background; sweetness to the fore. 7.30 (ends 10.25). W & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.15). Opened 18 May 1961

SPRING & PORT WINE. Apollo, Shaftesbury Avenue (GER 2663). Author: Bill Naughton. Dir: Allan Davis. Cast: Alfred Marks, Ruth Dunning. A heavy Lancastrian father has a rebellious family on his hands. 8.0 (ends 10.15). Th & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.40 (ends 10.55). Opened 19 Nov 1965

THE WEN, ORANGE SOUFFLE & OUT FROM UNDER, Jeanetta Cochrane Theatre, Holborn. WC1 (CHA 7048). Three One-Act Plays. Author: Saul Bellow. Dir: Charles Marovitz. Cast: Miriam Karlin. 7.0. Cont: 7.45. Opened 26 May. Ends 18 June

YOU NEVER CAN TELL, Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 9832). Author: G B Shaw. The new woman and old-fashioned values. Dir: Glen Byam Shaw. Cast: Sir Ralph Richardson, Jack Gwillim, Judy Campbell, Keith Baxter. 7.45 (ends 10.30). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.45); 8.15 (ends 11.0). W: 2.30 (ends 5.15). Opened 12 Jan 1966

PERIMETER

ASHCROFT THEATRE, Fairfield Halls, Croydon (CRO 9291). TRAVELLER WITHOUT LUGGAGE. Sat 11 June only: 3.0, 7.30. THE UNEXPECTED GUEST. T 14 & W 15 June: 8.0

GOLDERS GREEN HIPPODROME, NW11 (SPE 0022) FLAT SPIN with Dave King, Diane Hart. F 10 June: 8.0. Th 9 & Sat 11 June: 2.30, 8.0. BALLET RAMBERT. M 13-W 15 June: 8.0

NEW THEATRE, Bromley, Kent (RAV 6677). A SEVERED HEAD. 7.45. Th Mat: 2.30. Sat: 5.15, 8.0

RICHMOND THEATRE, The Green, Richmond, Surrey (RIC 0088). SOMETHING TO HIDE. Th 9 & F 10 June: 7.45. Sat 11 June: 5.30, 8.15. ANY WEDNESDAY. M 13-W 15 June: 7.45

TOWER THEATRE, Canonbury Place, N1 (CAN 5111). THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY. Th 9, Sun 12 & W 15 June: 7.30. A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE. F 10 June: 7.30. AGAMEMNON. Sat 11 June: 7.30

THEATRE ROYAL, Windsor, Berks (WK 61107). CAT AMONG THE PIGEONS, with Wendy Williams, Laurence Hardy. Th 9 June: 2.30, 7.30. F 10 June: 8.0. Sat 11 June: 4.45, 8.0 LOCK UP YOUR DAUGHTERS. T 14 June: 8.0. W 15 June: 7.30.

WIMBLEDON THEATRE, SW19 (WIM 5211). SECOND HONEYMOON. Th 9 June: 2.30, 7.30. F 10 June: 7.30. Sat 11 June: 5.0, 8.15. MURDER FOR THE ASKING. M 13-W 15 June: 7.30.

CLUBS

HAMPSTEAD, 98 Avenue Road, NW3 (PRI 9301). DO NOT PASS GO with Wilfrid Brambell, Derren Nesbitt. 8.0. Sat: 5.0, 8.15

MOUNTVIEW, 104 Crouch Hill, Hornsey, N8 (MOU 5885). THE REHEARSAL. M 13-W 15 June: 8.0

NEW ARTS, Great Newport Street, Leicester Square, WC2 (TEM 3334). PRIDE AND PREJUDICE with Jack Allen, Petra Davies, Terence Longdon, Peter Myers. T 14 June: 7.30. W 15 June: 8.0

UNICORN, New Arts Theatre, Great Newport Street, WC2 (EMP 6116). THE DOWNSIDEUP MAN. A play for children 5 to 12 years. Sat 11 June: 2.15

UNITY, 1 Goldington Street, N1 (EUS 5391). INHERIT THE WIND. F, Sat & Sun: 7.45

OUT OF TOWN

CHICHESTER FESTIVAL THEATRE, Oaklands Park, Sussex (OCH 86333). Th 9, F 10, Sat 11, M 13 & W 15 June: THE FIGHTING COCK. Author: Jean Anouilh. Dir: Norman Marshall. Cast: John Clements, Zena Walker, Sarah Badel, Michael Aldridge, Bill Fraser, Clive Swift, John Standing. 7.0. Th: 2.0

Th 9, Sat 11 & T 14 June: THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE. Authors: George Colman, David Garrick. Dir: Desmond O'Donovan. Cast: Alastair Sim, Bill Fraser, Margaret Rutherford, Ann Beach, Sarah Badel, John Standing. 7.0. Th: 2.0

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE THEATRE, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwks (OST9 2271). Th 9 & Sat 11 June: HAMLET. Author: William Shakespeare. Dir: Peter Hall. Cast: David Warner, Elizabeth Spriggs, Estelle Kohler, Brewster Mason, Tony Church, Michael Jayston, Donald Burton. Th: 2.0. Sat: 7.30

Th 9 & Sat 11 June: HENRY IV PART I). Author: William Shakespeare. Dirs: John Barton Clifford Williams, Trevor Nunn, Peter Hall. Cast: Tony Church, Ian Holm, Paul Rogers, Norman Rodway, Sheila Allen, Elizabeth Spriggs. Th: 7.30. Sat: 2.0

F 10 June: HENRY IV PART II. Author: William Shakespeare Dir: John Barton with Clifford Williams, Trevor Nunn, Peter Hall. 7.30

YVONNE ARNAUD THEATRE, Millbrook, Guildford (OGU3 67679). VICTORIAN MUSIC HALL. Dir: John Moffat. Cast: John Moffat, Doris Hare, Anne Carr, Jean Muir. 7.45. Th Mat: 2.30. Sat: 5.0, 8.0

REPERTORY

ENGLISH STAGE COMPANY, Royal Court Theatre, Sloane Square, SW1 (SLO 1745). Th 9-W 15 June: THEIR VERY OWN AND GOLDEN CITY. Author: Arnold Wesker. Dir: William Gaskill. Cast: Ann Firbank, George Fowe, Bernard Gallagher, Ian McKellan, Gillian Martell, Sebastian Shaw, John Shepherd. 7.30 (ends 10.0). Sat Mat: 3.0 (ends 5.30)

NATIONAL THEATRE COMPANY, Old Vic, Waterloo Road, SE1 (WAT 7616). Th 9, Sat 11, T 14 June: A BOND HONOURED & BLACK COMEDY. A Bond Honoured. Author: John Osborne. Dir: John Dexter. Cast: Michael Byrne, Graham Crowden, Paul Curran, Janina Faye, Gerald James, Maggie Smith, Robert Stephens. A Black Comedy. Author: Peter Shaffer. Dir: John Dexter. Cast: Michael Byrne, Wynne Clark, Graham Crowden, Paul Curran, Derek Jacobi, Louise Purnell, Maggie Smith, Robert Stephens. 7.30. Sat Mat: 2.15

F 10 June: LOVE FOR LOVE. Author: William Congreve. Dir: Peter Wood. Cast: Colin Blakely, Tom Kempinski, Robert Lang, Geraldine McEwan, Miles Malleson, Anthony Nicholls, Laurence Olivier, Lynn Redgrave, Joyce Redman, Madge Ryan, John Stride. 7.30 (ends 10.15)

M 13 June: Performance in Aid of the George Devine Award. Extracts from plays include: Look Back in Anger, The Long, the Short and the Tall, Luther. Directors: Lindsay Anderson, John Dexter, William Gaskill, Anthony Page, Tony Richardson. Artists include: Peggy Ashcroft, Ian Bannen, Alan Bates, Jill Bennett, Frank Finlay, Albert Finney, Alec Guinness, Kenneth Haigh, Laurence Olivier, Peter O'Toole, Joan Plowright, Vanessa Redgrave, Robert Stephens. 9.30

W 15 June: TRELAWNY OF THE WELLS. Author: Arthur W Pinero. Dir: Desmond O'Donovan. Cast: Wynne Clark, Graham Crowden, Paul Curran Barbara Hicks, Derek Jacobi, Gerald James, Edward Petherbridge, Louise Purnell, Maggie Smith, Robert Stephens. 7.30 (ends 10.15)

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY, Aldwych Theatre, The Strand, WC2 (TEM 6404). Th 9 June: See West End Openings

F 10, Sat 11, M 13 & T 14 June: DAYS IN THE TREES. Author: Marguerite Duras. Translator: Sonia Orwell. Dir: John Schlesinger. Cast: Peggy Ashcroft, George Baker, Frances Cuka. 8.0

Sat 11 & W 15 June: TANGO. Author: Slawomir Mrozek. Translators: Nicholas Bethell, Tom Stoppard. Dir: Trevor Nunn. Cast: Patience Collier, Robert Eddison, Pauline Jameson, Peter Jeffery, Ursula Mohan, Mike Pratt. Sat: 2.30 (ends 4.45). W: 8.0 (ends 10.15)

FILMS

FIRST FIVE: 1 Cul-de-Sac. 2 Viva Maria. 3 The Wrong Box. 4 Fantasia. 5 Alphaville.

Some species of spider, it is said, have the disturbing habit, in certain circumstances, of eating their own young. Hollywood, however, has definite, multi-million beliefs in survival. Now, what with *Harlow*, *The Carpetbaggers* and, this week, *Inside Daisy Clover* (X, general release), it looks as though the credo includes the spider trend in reverse. The child is gobbling up the aged parent with ever-increasing avidity.

The characters in *Daisy Clover* may be set in 1936, but their sentiments are strictly 30 years on. In a rather horrendous hybrid of Garland and Pinter, Daisy is made to say: "The world's a garbage dump. We're just the flies in the tracks. When I sing, the smell don't seem so bad."

Daisy, perceptively played by Natalie Wood in the film's only performance of note, is a 15-year-old seaside layabout who heads for the big-time grubstakes when the studio chief (Christopher Plummer) hears her singing voice on a tape recording. But, just to show how wicked old Hollywood was, they put her crum-

"Finders Keepers" is to be Cliff Richard's first film for over two years.

bling old card-sharping mother away in an institution – so as not to spoil Daisy's Rooney-type image.

A failed marriage to a bi-sexual movie idol (colourlessly portrayed by Robert Redford), the death of her mother, and the increasing demands of the studio to maintain her happy, so-pure screen personality, lead to screaming breakdown while trying to blend song to lip movements on screen for the umpteenth time.

But trust even the new-style Hollywood to turn its Janus cheek in a rather good ending that does at least liven things up a bit. Its sheer effrontery at going against the film's grain has quite a winning way.

Otherwise the screenplay hovers around the 1936 grave like an eager body-snatcher, without ever quite getting out its shovel and really digging in. Some glaring cuts made for general release are no help, and, despite Miss Wood's commendable struggles to produce something identifiable out of all this superficiality, the root trouble is that we never do get inside Daisy Clover.

In the same programme, *Two on a Guillotine* (X) is a slow and silly horror film about a magician (Cesar Romero) who, deranged since his wife's death in a trick involving a guillotine, vows to return from the grave. Intention: screaming horror. Result: screaming farce.

david quinlan

THE OSCAR

A Hollywood self-satire on the 1966 scene, with Stephen Boyd as Frankie Fane, who climbs to stardom by using his friends (including Jill St John, above) as the rungs on his ladder. His career falters – but his hopes are revived when he is nominated for an Oscar. He determines to resort to any means to get it. Also in the cast are Elke Sommer, Eleanor Parker, Joseph Cotten, Milton Berle, Broderick Crawford and singer Tony Bennett in his first straight part.

OPENING

AROUND THE WORLD UNDER THE SEA (U). A big-scale underwater adventure, concerning six scientists and their efforts to set up an earthquake warning system by placing sensor devices on the ocean floor all round the world. Acting plays second fiddle to special effects, but Metrocolor photography is good. David McCallum's last film before he zoomed to stardom in UNCLE. (Lloyd Bridges, Shirley Eaton, Brian Kelly, Gary Merrill, Keenan Wynn. Dir: Andrew Marton. Col. 111 min.) *Ritz, Leicester Square.* GER 1234. 1.39, 4.4, 6.29, 8.54. Sat only: 11.29. Sun: 3.44, 6.9, 8.34. Opens 9 June

EXTERMINATING ANGEL (X). Luis Buñuel's masterly and disquieting film, which concerns a group of rich and elegant people, who gather for a dinner party and find that they are unable to leave, for no rational reason, when it ends. Buñuel has succeeded in making this allegory of fear and superstition in society extremely amusing and entertaining. (Silvia Pinal, Augusto Benedico. B & W 90 min.) *Academy Two, Oxford Street.* GER 5129. With: The Crime of M Lange (A). Opens 9 June

KHARTOUM (U). The much-publicised blockbuster, in Cinerama, of General Gordon's last days at the siege of Khartoum, directed by Basil Dearden, with screenplay by Robert Ardrey. Colossal battle scenes and an all-star cast, have been added to strict historical accuracy. Charlton Heston plays General Gordon, Laurence Olivier is the Mahdi, Ralph Richardson is Gladstone and Richard Johnson plays Colonel Stewart. (Alexander Knox, Nigel Green. Col. Cinerama. 130 min.) *Casino, Old Compton Street,* W1. GER 6877. 2.30, 7.45. Sat: 2.0, 5.20, 8.40, 11.55. Sun: 4.30, 7.50. Opens 9 June

WEST END

ALFIE (X). Michael Caine plays the incredible Alfie devoted to a love life that is intensive and often funny. His birds flit in and out at lightning speed – Eleanor Bron as his doctor, Shirley Anne Field as his nurse and Shelley Winters as an overpowering widow who is more than a match for him. (Dir: Lewis Gilbert. Col. 114 min.) *La Continentale, Tottenham Court Road.* MUS 4193. 2.10, 5.20, 8.35. Sun: 5.20, 8.35

ALPHAVILLE (A). Jean-Luc Godard's transformation of images from a comic strip into a stylistic masterpiece with dazzling photography by Coutard. Lemmy Caution (Eddie Constantine), disguised as a reporter for *Figaro-Pravda,* is sent on a mission to Alphaville – city of technocrats. (Anna Karina, Akim Tamiroff. 98 min.) With: *The New Angels* (X). *Paris Pullman, Drayton Gardens.* FRE 5898. 2.20, 5.40, 9.20. Sun: 5.40, 9.20. (Check with cinema)

BATTLE OF THE BULGE (A). Modern warfare effectively shown as the stuff of Cinerama. An account of the Battle of the Ardennes with Henry Fonda and Robert Ryan for the American heroes and Robert Shaw as a suitably poker-faced German villain. (Dana Andrews. Dir: Ken Annakin. Col. 163 min.) *Coliseum St Martin's Lane.* TEM 3161. 2.30, 8.0. Sat: 2.0, 5.20, 8.45, 11.55. Sun: 4.0, 7.30

A BLONDE IN LOVE (X). From the point of view of an inarticulate young girl, the Czech director, Milos Forman, with his characteristic gentle humour, examines the lack of communication between the generations, and the adolescent's search for identity in the adult world. (Czech dialogue – subtitles. 80 min.) *Academy One, Oxford Street.* GER 2981. With: *Jozef Kilian* (U). Pgm: 1.35, 3.55, 6.20, 8.50. Sun: 3.30, 5.55, 8.25

BOEING-BOEING (A). Slow-moving adaptation of Marc Camoletti's indestructible stage farce with Tony Curtis and Thelma Ritter all but saving the day as the latter-day Casanova and his housekeeper-confidante. (Jerry Lewis. Dir: John Rich. Col. 102 min.) *Plaza Piccadilly Circus.* WHI 8944. 12.50, 2.55, 5.30, 8.10. Sat only: 11 pm. Sun: 2.45, 5.20, 8.0. (Ends 15 June)

BORN FREE (U). Tasteful and relatively faithful adaptation of Joy Adamson's runaway best-seller. Virginia McKenna makes a long-promised comeback as the woman who raises a lioness from a helpless cub and trains it to the point where its own domesticity is a danger to survival. (Bill Travers, Geoffrey Keen. Dir: James Hill. Col. 99 min. Royal Film of 1966.) *Columbia Shaftesbury Avenue.* REG 5414. 12.25, 2.29, 4.38, 6.47, 9.1. Sat: 11.29 pm. Sun: 3.59, 6.8, 8.27

CASANOVA 70 (X). Updating of the Casanova legend with Marcello Mastroianni as the NATO officer who is impotent unless his loving involves danger. Virna Lisi is the most memorable of his conquests. (Dir: Mario Monicelli. Col. 113 min.) *Prince Charles Theatre, Leicester Place.* GER 8181. M-F: 2.10, 4.25, 6.40, 8.55. Sat: 12.5, 2.10, 4.25, 6.40, 8.55, 11.10. Sun: 2.35, 4.20, 6.30, 8.40

CUL-DE-SAC (X). Roman Polanski, the young Polish director now working in this country, turns a deft hand to black comedy. Donald Pleasence plays a rather pathetic middle-aged man and Françoise Dorleac his bored and flighty young wife. They are suddenly confronted by a couple of wounded thugs in hiding from the police. Shot on magnificent location on Holy Island (Lionel Stander. Dir: Roman Polanski, 111 min.) *Cameo-Poly, Upper Regent Street.* LAN 1744. Pgm: 1.0, 3.25, 5.50, 8.15. Sun: 3.30, 5.55, 8.20

DARLING . . . (X). The director, John Schlesinger, attempts to lay bare the decadence of contemporary life, and succeeds only in misplaced, rather aimless bitterness. Julie Christie is lamentably miscast as the young model who ends up marrying the Italian Prince. Dirk Bogarde gives a splendid performance as the television reporter with whom she has an affair. (Laurence Harvey. 127 min.) *Windmill, Great Windmill Street.* GER 7413. 12.30, 3.0, 5.35, 8.10 (Sat only: 11 p.m.). Sun: 4.0, 6.15, 8.30

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO (A). The extremely ambitious, long-awaited production of Boris Pasternak's novel, directed by David Lean, with screenplay by Robert Bolt. With Omar Sharif as Yuri Zhivago and Julie Christie as Lara. Good entertainment. (Geraldine Chaplin, Tom Courtenay, Alec Guinness. Col. 193 min.) *Empire Leicester Square.* GER 1234. 2.30, 7.30 (Sat only: 11.30 pm). Sun: 3.0, 7.30

FANTASIA (U). Another revival of Walt Disney's ever-popular cartoon experiment, made in 1941, and consisting of a visual interpretation of various well-known pieces of music, ranging from a Bach Fugue to Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring.* Parts of the film show Disney at his most inventive, and the hippopotami in *The Dance of the Hours* steal the show. (Leopold Stokowski & the Philadelphia Orchestra. Dir: Walt Disney. Col. 126 min.) *Studio One, Oxford Street.* GER 3300. 1.0, 3.40, 6.20, 9.0. Sun: 3.20, 6.5, 8.45

THE GREAT RACE (U). Extravagantly slapstick comedy involving a car race from New York to Paris, via Siberia, with Jack Lemmon as the villain and Tony Curtis as the spoof hero. While determined to be a lot of fun, it merely proves conclusively that Cinerama and comedy don't mix. (Col. 153 min.) *Astoria Charing Cross Road.* GER 5385. 2.30, 8.0, Sun: 4.0, 8.0

IT HAPPENED HERE (A). A semi-documentary, visualising the Nazi occupation of Britain, seen through the eyes of a young woman (Pauline Murray), who finds herself working for the Nazi authorities as a nurse. Directors Kevin Brownlow and Andrew Mollo have succeeded in achieving a thoroughly authentic reconstruction of the period. (Sebastian Shaw. 95 min.) *London Pavilion, Piccadilly Circus.* GER 2982. 12.20, 3.20, 6.10, 9.5. Sun: 3.20, 6.10, 9.5. With: *Night Beyond Pity* (A). 11.30, 2.15, 5.5, 8.0. Sun: 2.15, 5.5, 8.0

MODESTY BLAISE (A). Joseph Losey's first excursion into strip cartoon cinema, elegantly mounted and directed with great flair. Monica Vitti is a surprisingly animated Modesty and Dirk Bogarde superb as the arch-villain. (Terence Stamp. Col. 120 min.) *Rialto, Coventry Street.* GER 3488. 1.15, 3.40, 6.10, 8.40. Sat late show: 11.15 pm. Sun: 3.25, 5.55, 8.25

THE KNACK (X). Delightfully scatterbrained comedy with Rita Tushingham as the country girl who comes up to the wicked City. (Cannes Prize, 1965. (Michael Crawford, Ray Brooks, Donal Donnelly. Dir: Richard Lester. 85 min.) *Gala-Royal,* Marble Arch (AMB 2345) With: Irma La Douche

MORGAN – A SUITABLE CASE FOR TREATMENT (A). Morgan Delt (David Warner), a gentle confused dreamer, a failed artist, abandoned by his wife, has a strange affinity with gorillas, and escapes from reality with fantasies of Tarzan and King Kong. (Vanessa Redgrave, Irene Handl, Bernard Bresslaw. 97 min.) *Berkeley Tottenham Court Road.* MUS 8150. 2.35, 5.45, 8.45. Sun: 5.45, 8.45. With: *Devil Doll* (X)

THE MOVING TARGET (A). Based on Ross MacDonald's novel, Paul Newman plays a sardonic, gum-chewing private eye commissioned by Lauren Bacall, the wife of a missing millionaire. For Newman fans, this performance ranks with *Hud* and *The Hustler.* (Janet Leigh, Shelley Winters, Julie Harris. Col. 121 min.) *Odeon Leicester Square.* WHI 6111. 12.55, 3.30, 6.5, 8.45. (Sat only: 11 pm). Sun: 3.20, 5.35, 8.15. *New Victoria.* VIC 2544. Not Th 12 June. Stage: Erroll Garner

MY FAIR LADY (U). Rex Harrison carries the film along with commanding style, with Audrey Hepburn as a spirited, though rather inadequate, Eliza. Great vitality, but played a little too safe. (Stanley Holloway, Wilfrid Hyde White. Dir: George Cukor. Col. Super-Panavision. 185 min.) *Warner Leicester Square,* W1. GER 3423. 2.30, 7.45. Sat: 2.30, 7.45, 11.45. Sun: 3.0, 7.15. *Royalty Kingsway,* WC2. HOL 8004. 2.45, 8.0. Sun: 3.15, 7.30

OTHELLO (U). Faithful and technically accomplished record of the National Theatre production with Laurence Olivier giving a performance that salutes greatness as the Moor. It is the magnificence of the performances that finally quells the doubts about the theatrical claustrophobia of the film. (Maggie Smith, Frank Finlay and other members of the National Theatre of Great Britain. Col. 170 min.) *Odeon Haymarket.* WHI 2738. 2.30, 7.30. Sat: 12.30, 4.5, 7.45. Sun: 4.30, 6.0

SOUND OF MUSIC (U). Robert Wise's three-hour version of the Rodgers & Hammerstein musical, with hosts of singing nuns and children. Christopher Plummer is the somewhat authoritarian father of the brood; Julie Andrews another wholesome governess. (Peggy Wood, Eleanor Parker. Col. Todd-AO. 170 min.) *Dominion Tottenham Court Road,* W1. MUS 2176. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES (U). A slender pretext for collecting together a whole host of international stars for an air race between London and Paris. There are some pleasant enough shots of early aeroplanes, but little or no feeling for comic effect. (Terry-Thomas, Sarah Miles, Robert Morley, Gert Frobe, Stuart Whitman, James Fox, Jean-Pierre Cassel. Col. Todd-AO. 130 min.) *Metropole Victoria.* VIC 4673. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

VIVA MARIA (A). Louis Malle, the director, has seized the opportunity to show off the entirely disparate talents of Mesdames Jeanne Moreau (Maria I) and Brigitte Bardot (Maria II), in a gay and amusing story about two song-and-dance girls who become embroiled in a revolution. (George Hamilton. Col. 120 min.) *Curzon Cinema, Curzon Street,* W1. GRO 3737. 1.45, 4.5, 6.25, 8.50. (Sat only: 11 pm.) Sun: 3.45, 6.10, 8.30. (Check with cinema)

WEEKEND IN DUNKIRK (A). Based on the novel by Robert Merle, the film is set just before Dunkirk, in June, 1940, and traces the fortunes of a small group of French soldiers, who have been stranded. The stock situation is relieved somewhat by Jean-Paul Belmondo's performance as the sergeant, who is struck by the total absurdity of the situation. (Catherine Spaak. Dir: Henri Verneuil. Col. 102 min.) *Carlton, Haymarket.* WHI 3711. 1.30, 4.0, 6.25, 8.55. (Sat only: 11.15 pm). Sun: 4.0, 6.25, 8.55

THE WRONG BOX (U). Star-studded black comedy about the murderous efforts of two orphans (Peter Cook and Dudley Moore) to ensure that their uncle (Ralph Richardson) is the last surviving member in a mammoth lottery, worth a view. (John Mills, Michael Caine, Nanette Newman, Tony Hancock, Peter Sellers. Col. 110 min.) *Leicester Square Theatre.* WHI 5252. 1.30, 3.55, 6.20, 8.50. (Sat only: 11.0 pm.) Sun: 3.55, 6.20, 8.50. *Kensington Odeon.* WES 0131

GENERAL RELEASE

† *Second feature varies:* * *Sunday programme differs*

RANK RELEASE NORTH

Until Sat: THE TROUBLE WITH ANGELS (U). Full supporting programme.

Albert Finney is the rowdy, rumbustious hero of Tony Richardson's "Tom Jones."

From Sun: TOM JONES (X). Tony Richardson's boisterous, rowdy adaptation of Henry Fielding's epic novel, with a script by John Osborne, which effectively captures the vigour of Fielding's dialogue. Outstanding performances are given by Dame Edith Evans as Miss Western, Hugh Griffith as Squire Western and Albert Finney as Tom himself, but the film suffers from over-direction and formlessness. (Susannah York, Diane Cilento. Dir: Tony Richardson. Col. 128 min). With: **Never On Sunday** (X).

Acton Odeon
Camden Town Odeon
Chelsea Odeon
Ealing Odeon
East Ham Odeon
Edgware Road Odeon
Edmonton Regal
Finchley Gaumont
Forest Gate Odeon
Hackney Pavilion
Hammersmith Odeon
Hendon Odeon
Highgate Odeon
Holloway Odeon
Islington Odeon
Kensal Rise Odeon
Kilburn State
Kingsbury Odeon
King's Cross Odeon
Leyton Odeon
Mile End Road Odeon
Muswell Hill Odeon
Poplar Essoldo (Closed Sun
Shepherd's Bush Odeon
Southgate Odeon
Stamford Hill Odeon
Swiss Cottage Odeon
Temple Fortune Odeon
Walham Green ABC
Wembley Odeon
Westbourne Grove Odeon
Wood Green Odeon

RANK RELEASE SOUTH

Until Sat: MODESTY BLAISE (A). Full supporting programme.

Hayley Mills is one of the tomboys who terrorise a convent school in "The Trouble With Angels."

From Sun: THE TROUBLE WITH ANGELS (U). Amiably sentimental comedy about two schoolgirls' reign of terror at a convent school. One remains unrepentent; the other stays to prepare for her novitiate. Rosalind Russell glowers magnificently as the stern Mother Superior. June Harding is a fine new discovery in the Rita Tushingham mould, and inspires Hayley Mills to her best performance for several films. Some of the dialogue is appallingly banal, but the direction gradually wins one over, painting a believable picture of the nuns' lives, despite having to make desperate attempts to ensure that each nun is an entirely different character. An appearance by Gipsy Rose Lee as a berouged ballet dancer is hilariously superfluous. One of the best things about the film, and contributing much to the atmosphere, is Jerry Goldsmith's background score. (Jim Hutton, Binnie Barnes. Dir: Ida Lupino. Col. 110 min). With: **Kimberley Jim** (U).

Balham Odeon
Brixton Astoria
Bromley Odeon
Camberwell Odeon
Croydon Odeon
***Deptford** Odeon
East Dulwich Odeon
Lewisham Odeon
Morden Odeon
Old Kent Road Astoria
Penge Odeon
Putney Odeon
Richmond Odeon
South Norwood Odeon
Streatham Odeon
Well Hall Odeon
Wimbledon Odeon

ABC RELEASE NORTH

Until Sat: INSIDE DAISY CLOVER (X). Full supporting programme.

Tony Curtis is the Casanova with an air hostess in every port in "Boeing-Boeing."

From Sun: BOEING-BOEING (A). Slow-moving adaptation of Marc Camoletti's indestructible stage farce with Tony Curtis and Thelma Ritter all but saving the day as the latter-day Casanova and his housekeeper-confidante. (Jerry Lewis. Dir: John Rich. Col. 102 min). With: **Johnny Reno** (A).

Acton Granada (Until Sat: The Longest Day (A).
Bowes Park Ritz
Clapton ABC
Ealing ABC
Edmonton Granada (Until Sat: Seven Brides for Seven Brothers (U) and full supporting programme).
Essex Road ABC
Golders Green ABC
Hackney ABC
Hammersmith ABC
***Harlesden** Coliseum (Until Sat: Guns of Navarone (U).
Harringay ABC
Haverstock Hill Odeon
Holloway ABC
Kensal Rise Palace
Kentish Town ABC
Kilburn Essoldo (Until Sat: The Miracle (U). Full supporting programme).
***King's Cross** Century
Leyton ABC
Manor Park Coronation
Mile End Road ABC
Muswell Hill ABC
Neasden Ritz
Shepherd's Bush Essoldo (Until Sat: Flaming Star (A). Full supporting programme).
Stratford ABC
Stoke Newington ABC
Tottenham Florida
Upton Park ABC
Whalebone Lane Odeon
Wembley ABC

ABC RELEASE SOUTH

Until Sat: A PATCH OF BLUE (A). Full supporting programme.

Natalie Wood is the extrovert slum kid who rises to screen stardom in "Inside Daisy Clover."

From Sun: INSIDE DAISY CLOVER. Hollywood's uncertain attempt at self-satire based on Gavin Lambert's novel, with scenario by him. Natalie Wood is Daisy, a nymphet from the slums who is groomed for screen stardom by Christopher Plummer, the oily and sadistic studio chief. Newcomer Robert Redford appears as a young screen idol who marries Daisy and then deserts her. Gradually her career slides downhill, until she faces the prospect of being on the film scrap heap before she is 17. The direction is unsure, veering between sentiment and cynicism. The impression is they do not really believe it. Consequently the director's approach seems rather negative, and the film has no definite style. The 1936 atmosphere, however, is fairly well captured. (Roddy McDowall, Ruth Gordon, Katharine Bard, Peter Helm, Betty Harford, John Hale. Dir: Robert Mulligan. Col. 107 min). With: **Two on a Guillotine** (X).

Beckenham ABC
Blackheath ABC
Brixton ABC
Camberwell ABC
Catford ABC
Croydon ABC
***Crystal Palace** Granada
Elephant and Castle Theatre
Eltham ABC
Forest Hill Capitol
Old Kent Road ABC
Putney ABC
Richmond ABC
Streatham ABC
Tooting ABC
Wimbledon ABC

OTHER FILMS

A guide to local cinemas showing off-circuit programmes. The numbers cross-refer to films listed in the sections below. Readers should not be disturbed by a jump in the sequence of numbers. This only indicates a late programme change

DISTRICT DIRECTORY

Baker Street Classic. 26, 27, 39.
Balham Ritz. 1, 48, 91, 93.
Bayswater ABC. 3.
Brentwood Odeon. 61, 92.
Brixton Classic. 42, 87.
***Brixton Granada.** 10, 36.
***Camberwell Grand.** 51, 85.
Camden Town Plaza. 3.
Charing Cross Road Cameo Royal. 33.
Charing Cross Road Jacey. 3 .
Chelsea Classic. 15, 32.
Chelsea Essoldo. 64, 77.
Clapham Granada. 61, 77.
Clapham Junction Imperial.
Clapton Kenninghall. 16.
Croydon Classic. 18, 25.
Dalston Classic. 52, 76.
Dalston Odeon. 16.
Ealing Walpole. 68.
***East Ham Granada.** 10, 75.
Edgware Road ABC. 88, 89.
Finchley Rex. 7, 69.
Finsbury Park Astoria. 45, 60
Fulham Road ABC. 88, 89.
Golders Green Ionic. 12, 22.
Great Windmill Street Cameo Moulin. 34.
Greenwich Granada. 3, 61.
Hackney Essoldo. 11, 78.
***Hammersmith Broadway.** 5, .
Hampstead Classic. 7, 57.
Hampstead Everyman. 41, 56
Harlesden Odeon. 16.
Harringay Curzon. 66.
***Harrow Road Prince of Wales** 58, 60.
Hendon Gala. 17, 19.
Hendon Gaumont. 8, 67.
Highams Park Regal. 54, 70.
***Islington Rex.** 79, 96.
Kilburn Classic. 20, 81.
***Kilburn Grange.** 60, 75.
Lewisham Rex. 23, 79.
Leystonstone Rialto. 14.
Marble Arch Jacey. 31.
Notting Hill Classic. 6, 30, 76
Notting Hill Gaumont. 69.
***Notting Hill Imperial Playhouse.** 49, 80.
Oxford Street Cinephone. 21
Palmers Green Queens Hall. 74.
Park Royal Odeon. 16, 73.
Peckham Odeon. 37.
Piccadilly Circus Classic. 43
Piccadilly Jacey. 24.
Praed Street Classic. 55, 83.
***Putney Globe.** 38, 58.
Queensbury Essoldo. 9, 72.
***Raynes Park Rialto.** 7, 65.
Richmond Gaumont. 22, 90.
St Pancras Tolmer, 86, 95.
***Southfields Plaza.** 7, 69.
***Stepney Essoldo.** 13, 82.
Stepney Odeon. 59, 84.
Stockwell Classic. 44, 53.
Stoke Newington Coliseum. 1, 72.
***Sydenham Granada.** 7, 61.
***Thornton Heath Granada.** 7, 61.
Tooting Astoria. 3, 96.
Tooting Bec Classic. 40, 81.
***Tooting Granada.** 10, 61.
Tottenham Palace. 75.
***Victoria Biograph.** 2, 71.
Victoria Cameo 28, 62.
***Walthamstow Granada.** 7.
Wandsworth Road Granada. 63.
Waterloo Station Classic. 35, 94.
Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre. 57, 77.

ADVENTURE

1 **Death Drums Along the River** (U). Richard Todd, Marianne Koch. Until Sat: Stoke Newington Coliseum. Balham Ritz. With: Treasure of Silver Lake (U)

2 **Donovan's Reef** (U). John Wayne, Lee Marvin. Until Sat: Victoria Biograph. With: Hell is For Heroes (A)

3 **Lawrence of Arabia** (A). Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif. Until Sat: Bayswater ABC, Tooting Astoria, Camden Town Plaza. From Sun: Greenwich Granada. (Not Wed: Bingo)

4 **Magnificent Adventurer** (A). Brett Halsey. Until Sat: Clapham Junction Imperial. With: Phantom of the Opera (A)

5 **Seven Slaves Against Rome** (U). Roger Browne, Scilla Gabel. Until Sat: Hammersmith Broadway. With: Doomsday at Eleven (U)

6 **The Snows of Kilimanjaro** (A). Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner, Susan Hayward, Hildegarde Neff. Until Sat: Notting Hill Classic. Late Show Sat: 11.15 pm

COMEDIES

7 **Alfie** (X). Michael Caine, Julia Foster, Millicent Martin. Until Sat: Hampstead Classic . With: The Love Goddesses (X). Raynes Park Rialto. With: Face of a Stranger (A). Southfields Plaza, From Sun: Finchley Rex. With: Face of a Stranger (A). From Mon: Thornton Heath Granada. With: Wheel of Fire (X). Sydenham Granada, Walthamstow Granada. With: The Love Goddesses (X)

8 **Battle of the Sexes** (U). Peter Sellers, Robert Morley. From Sun: Hendon Gaumont. With: Waltz of the Toreadors (X)

9 **Great St Trinian's Train Robbery** (U). Frankie Howerd, Dora Bryan. Until Sat: Queensbury Essoldo. With: San Ferry Ann (U)

10 **It's a Mad Mad Mad Mad World** (U). Mickey Rooney, Spencer Tracy. Until Sat: Brixton Granada (not Sat: Wrestling). From Mon: East Ham Granada, Tooting Granada

11 **John Goldfarb Please Come Home** (A). Shirley MacLaine, Peter Ustinov. Until Sat: Hackney Essoldo. With: Three Coins in the Fountain (U)

12 **The Knack** (X). Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford. Until Sat: Golders Green Ionic. With: Irma La Douce (X)

13 **Living It Up** (U). Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis. From Mon: Stepney Essoldo. With: Town Tamer (U)

14 **Morgan – A Suitable Case for Treatment** (A). David Warner, Vanessa Redgrave, Robert Stephens. Until Sat: Leytonstone Rialto. With: I'm All Right, Jack (A)

15 **Nothing But the Best** (A). Alan Bates, Millicent Martin, Denholm Elliott. From Sun: Chelsea Classic

16 **The Trouble with Angels** (U). Hayley Mills, Rosalind Russell. Until Sat: Dalston Odeon, Harlesden Odeon, Park Royal Odeon, Clapton Kenninghall. With: Kimberley Jim (U)

DRAMA

17 **Le Bonheur** (X). Jean-Claude Druot, Claire Druot. Until Sat: Hendon Gala. With: Jules et Jim (X)

18 **The Cardinal** (A). Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider, Carol Lynley. From Sun: Croydon Classic

19 **Climates of Love** (A). Marina Vlady, Emmanuele Riva. From Sun: Hendon Gala. With: Now About These Women (X)

20 **The Chalk Garden** (U). Deborah Kerr, Hayley Mills, John Mills. Until Sat: Kilburn Classic. With: Lords of the Forest (U)

21 **De L'Amour** (X). Elsa Martinelli, Anna Karina. Oxford Street Cinephone

22 **Exodus** (U). Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson. Until Sat: Richmond Gaumont. From Sun: Golders Green Ionic

23 **Une Femme Mariée** (X). Macha Meril, Bernard Neal. Until Sat: Lewisham Rex. With: 38-24-36 (X)

24 **Galia** (X). Mirelle Darc. Piccadilly Jacey. With: Full supporting programme

25 **The Girl With Green Eyes** (X). Rita Tushingham, Peter Finch, Lynn Redgrave. Until Sat: Croydon Classic. With: The Pumpkin Eater (X)

26 **Hallelujah the Hills** (A). Peter H Beard, Martin Greenbaum, Sheila Finn. Fri 10 June only: Baker Street Classic. 11.15 pm

27 **The Hustler** (X). Paul Newman, George C Scott, Piper Laurie, Jackie Gleason. Until Sat: Baker Street Classic. Late Show Sat: 11.15 p.m.

28 **The Hunchback of Notre Dame** (A). Anthony Quinn, Gina Lollobrigida. From Sun: Victoria Cameo

30 **Let's Be Daring, Madame** (X). Dany Robin. Fri 10 June only: Notting Hill Classic. 11.15 pm

31 **The Mandrake** (X). Rosanna Schiaffino, Philippe Leroy. Charing Cross Road Jacey, Marble Arch Jacey

32 **Muriel** (A). Delphine Seyrig, Jean Pierre Kerien. Until Sat: Chelsea Classic. Late Show Sat: 11.30 pm

33 **Naked As Nature Intended** (A). Charing Cross Road Cameo Royal. With: Call Girl Business (X)

34 **The Naked World of Harrison Marks** (A). Great Windmill Street Cameo Moulin

35 **Paris Blues** (X). Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward. From Sun: Waterloo Station Classic

36 **The Party's Over** (X). Oliver Reed, Catherine Woodville. From Mon: Brixton Granada. With: Evil Force (X)

37 **A Patch of Blue** (A). Elizabeth Hartman, Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters. Until Sat: Peckham Odeon. With: Made in Paris (A)

38 **Peyton Place** (A). Lana Turner, Hope Lange, Lloyd Nolan. From Mon: Putney Globe

39 **Phaedra** (X). Melina Mercouri, Anthony Perkins. From Sun: Baker Street Classic

40 **The Servant** (X). Dirk Bogarde, James Fox. From Sun: Tooting Bec Classic. With: The Love Goddesses (X)

41 **La Strada** (A). Giulietta Masina, Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart. From Mon: Hampstead Everyman

42 **The Tall Men** (U). Clark Gable, Robert Ryan, Jane Russell. Until Sat: Brixton Classic. With: Bomb in the High Street (U)

43 **The Trials of Oscar Wilde** (X). Peter Finch, James Mason, Yvonne Mitchell. For two weeks: Piccadilly Classic

HORROR

44 **The Brides of Dracula** (X). Peter Cushing, Yvonne Monlaur. From Sun: Stockwell Classic. With: Triumph of Hercules (A)

45 **Fiend Who Walked the West** (X). Hugh O'Brian. Until Sat: Finsbury Park Astoria. With: Rodan (X)

48 **Screaming Skull** (X). John Hudson, Peggy Weber. Wed only: Balham Ritz. With: Cage of Doom (X)

49 **Tales of Terror** (X). Vincent Price, Peter Lorre. From Mon: Notting Hill Imperial Playhouse. With: Voyage to the End of the Universe (U)

51 **War of the Zombies** (X). Ettore Manni, John Barrymore Jr. From Mon: Camberwell Grand. With: Shotgun (A)

MUSICALS

52 **Blue Hawaii** (U). Elvis Presley, Joan Blackman, Angela Lansbury. Until Sat: Dalston Classic. With: Bomb in the High Street (U)

53 **Jolson Sings Again** (U). Larry Parks, Barbara Hale. Until Sat: Stockwell Classic. With: The Grass is Greener (A)

54 **Seven Brides for Seven Brothers** (U). Jane Powell, Howard Keel. Until Sat: Highams Park Regal. With: King Solomon's Mines (U)

THRILLERS

55 **Al Capone** (A). Rod Steiger, Fay Spain. From Sun: Praed Street Classic. With: Maciste the Mighty (A)

56 **Il Bidone** (A). Giulietta Masina, Broderick Crawford. Until Sun: Hampstead Everyman

57 **Dr No** (A). Sean Connery, Ursula Andress. From Sun: Hampstead Classic, Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre. With: From Russia With Love (A)

58 **Licensed to Kill** (A). Tom Adams, Karel Stepanek. Until Sat: Putney Globe. With: Life in Emergency Ward 10 (U). Harrow Road Prince of Wales. With: Run Johnny Run (A)

59 **Machine Gun Kelly** (A). Charles Bronson, Susan Cabot. Until Sat: Stepney Odeon. With: Bonnie Parker Story (A)

60 **Mission Bloody Mary** (X). Ken Clark, Helga Line. From Sun: Finsrow Road Prince of Wales, Hammersmith Broadway, Kilburn Grange. With: Secrets of a Windmill Girl (X)

61 **Modesty Blaise** (A). Monica Vitti, Dirk Bogarde, Terence Stamp. Until Sat: Clapham Granada, Tooting Granada, Brentwood Odeon. With: Round the Bend (U). Greenwich Granada. With: Lapland (U). Not Fri: Bingo. Sydenham Granada, Thornton Heath Granada. With: Yellowstone Cubs (U)

62 **North West Frontier** (U). Kenneth More, Lauren Bacall. Until Sat: Victoria Cameo

63 **One Spy Too Many** (A). Robert Vaughn, David McCallum. Until Sat: Wandsworth Road Granada. With: The Money Trap (A)

64 **Our Man Flint** (A). James Coburn. Until Sat: Chelsea Essoldo

65 **Our Man in Marrakesh** (A). Tony Randall, Senta Berger. From Mon: Raynes Park Rialto. With: Invasion (U)

66 **The Prize** (A). Paul Newman, Elke Sommer. Until Sat: Harringay Curzon. With: Guns in the Afternoon (A)

67 **The Silencers** (A). Dean Martin. Until Sat: Hendon Gaumont. With: Notorious Landlady (A)

68 **Spy Who Went into Hell** (A). Ray Danton, Pascale Petit. Until Sat: Ealing Walpole. With: Al Capone (A)

69 **The Spy Who Came in from the Cold** (A). Richard Burton, Claire Bloom. Until Sat: Notting Hill Gaumont. With: Crooks in Clover (U). Finchley Rex. From Mon: Southfields Plaza. With: Pigeon that Worked a Miracle (U)

70 **A Study in Terror** (X). John Neville, John Fraser, Donald Houston. From Sun: Highams Park Regal. With: London in the Raw (X)

71 **The System** (X). Oliver Reed, Jane Merrow. From Mon: Victoria Biograph. With: Five Against the House (A)

72 **Thunderball** (A). Sean Connery. From Sun: Stoke Newington Coliseum, Queensbury Essoldo

WAR

74 **Guns of Navarone** (U). Gregory Peck, David Niven, Anthony Quinn. Until Sat: Palmers Green Queen's Hall

75 **The Longest Day** (A). Kenneth More, Richard Burton, John Wayne. Until Sat: East Ham Granada, Kilburn Grange, Tottenham Palace

76 **633 Squadron** (A). Cliff Robertson, George Chakiris. From Sun: Dalston Classic, Notting Hill Classic. With: What a Crazy World (A). (Dalston only)

77 **The War Game** (X). Until Sat: Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre. From Sun: Clapham Granada, Chelsea Essoldo. With: Four in the Morning (X)

WESTERNS

78 **Apache Drums** (U). Stephen McNally, Coleen Gray. From Sun: Hackney Essoldo. With: Abbott and Costello in the Foreign Legion (U)

79 **Cat Ballou** (A). Jane Fonda, Lee Marvin. From Sun: Lewisham Rex. With: HMS Defiant (A). From Mon: Islington Rex. With: Battle in Outer Space (U)

80 **Gunfight at Comanche Creek** (U). Audie Murphy. Until Sat: Notting Hill Imperial Playhouse. With: Top Gear (U)

81 **The Magnificent Seven** (U). Yul Brynner, Steve McQueen. Until Sat: Tooting Bec Classic. With: On the Run (U). From Sun: Kilburn Classic. With: The Golden Age of Comedy (U)

82 **Massacre at Fort Grant** (U). German Cobos, Marta May. Until Sat: Stepney Essoldo. With: Triumph of the 10 Gladiators (U)

83 **Merrill's Marauders** (U). Jeff Chandler, Ty Hardin. Until Sat: Praed Street Classic. With: The Day the Earth Stood Still (U)

84 **Ride Beyond Vengeance** (X). Chuck Connors. From Sun: Stepney Odeon. With: That Man in Istanbul (A)

85 **Sergeants Three** (U). Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Sammy Davis Jr. Until Sat: Camberwell Grand. With: Flight from Ashiya (A)

86 **Sons of Katie Elder** (U). John Wayne, Dean Martin. Until Sat: St Pancras Tolmer. With: Return to Sender (A)

87 **The Wild and the Innocent** (A). Audie Murphy, Joanne Dru, Gilbert Roland. From Sun: Brixton Classic. With: Tennessee's Partner (A)

PRE-RELEASE

88 **Boeing-Boeing** (A). Tony Curtis, Jerry Lewis, Thelma Ritter. Until Sat: Edgware Road ABC, Fulham Road ABC. With: Johnny Reno (A)

89 **Island of Terror** (X). Peter Cushing, Edward Judd. From Sun: Edgware Road ABC, Fulham Road ABC. With: Run With the Wind (X)

STOP PRESS

90 **Dear John** (X). Jarl Kulle, Christina Scholin. From Sun: Richmond Gaumont

91 **Demons of the Swamp** (X). Ken Clark. Tues only: Balham Ritz. With: Horror (X)

92 **House on Haunted Hill** (X). Carol Ohmart, Vincent Price. From Sun: Brentwood Odeon. With: Frankenstein 1970 (X)

93 **Night of the Blood Beast** (X). Michael Emmet. Mon only: Balham Ritz. With: The Spectre (X)

94 **Pickwick Papers** (U). James Hayter, Nigel Patrick. Until Sat: Waterloo Station Classic

95 **Two Rode Together** (A). James Stewart, Richard Widmark. From Mon: St Pancras Tolmer. With: Johnny Cool (A)

96 **Wild in the Country** (A). Elvis Presley, Tuesday Weld. Until Sat: Islington Rex. From Sun: Tooting Astoria. With: Flaming Star (A)

CINEMA CLUBS

Academy Cinema Club, 167 Oxford Street, W1 (GER 8819)
Th 9 June: Two Daughters. 6.0, 8.30
From F 10 June: Amelie. 6.0, 8.30.
Sat & Sun: 3.30, 6.0, 8.30

National Film Theatre, South Bank, SE1. (WAT 3232)
Th 9 June: Another Night in an English Music Hall. 6.15, 8.30.
F 10 June: Salome. 6.15, 8.30
Sat 11 June: Pandora's Box. 4.0. On Approval. 6.30, 8.30
Sun 12 June: Major Barbara. 4.0, 6.20, 8.40
M 13 June: The Magnificent Ambersons. 6.15, 8.30
T 14 June: Ce Soir ou Jamais. 6.15, 8.30
W 15 June: Pyramide Humaine. 6.15, 8.30

Starlight Cinema Club, May Fair Hotel, Berkeley Street, W1 (MAY 7777).
Th 9 June three days: My Cousin Rachel. 7.30, 11.0. Johnny Apollo. 9.15
Sun 12 June four days: The Dam Busters. 8.0, 10.30. Sun: 8.30

BOOKS

FIRST FIVE: 1 Miss MacIntosh, My Darling by Marguerite Young. 2 An Ancient Enemy by Pierre Moinot. 3 The Adventures of Colonel Sellers by Mark Twain. 4 The Man Who Refused to Die by Barry Wynne. 5 Manchild in the Promised Land by Claude Brown.

Enough has been said of the sheer length of Marguerite Young's *Miss MacIntosh, My Darling* (1,198 pages, published by Peter Owen, 63s). The important thing is, not that it took 17 years to write – because she took all the details from life: newspapers, histories of suffragette mountain climbing, hangman's memoirs, medical literature, etc – but its content.

The physical effort of reading the book adds a sense of infinite journeying, of time within time, to the stories within a story within a story. Miss Young calls it "a poetic and psychological novel with a kind of biblical style of reference, a human comedy of many human tales." There is narrative suspense – in spite of the fact that many of the characters are dead before their story is recalled – in the stripping away of the secrets of personality: the schizophrenic, the opium lady, the nursemaid, the suffragette. But the purpose of the book is psychological, and what she calls "the philosophy that becomes psychology."

The book can seem unremittingly tragic. It is, in the words of the last but one paragraph, about "all things hurt or silent or broken:" the disfigured, the deluded, the barren, the poverty-stricken, the blind, the deaf, the lost romantic. But Miss Young, who seems incredibly gay and contemporary, maintains that "there is comedy as well as tragedy, and all of them have a certain faith. I am a Gothic writer. I like mists and fog, mysteries and melancholy weather. Everyone in the book is deeply wounded, yes. I took that as the premise of my art. Goethe said that in extreme manifestations of the abnormal we see the normal. Thomas Mann said that we use these things as a microscope to enlarge so that we may not pass them by. And Dickens always exaggerated. Besides, people who have always insisted on writing about cheerful things have ended their days in an asylum. I believe you write the other side of yourself."

As to its length, she finds that some people have behaved as if it were their time, not hers, that she took to write it, and she has always hoped "that when I came back to this ancient civilisation from America, people would agree that that was a reasonable time to spend on a book."

carole d'albiac

Arthur Barker will publish John Toland's "The Last 100 Days" (of the Second World War) in September.

NOVELS

AN ANCIENT ENEMY by Pierre Moinot, translated by Francis Price. Two men with two women on holiday in Corsica; they share a background of wartime torture at the hands of the Gestapo. They meet their ancient enemy, "a hangman in sport shirt and shorts," and become obsessed with violence, revenge and hatred. Published by Macmillan, 6 June, 25s

THE ADVENTURES OF COLONEL SELLERS by Mark Twain, edited by Charles Neider. A revision of the novel, which appeared in America in 1873 under the title of *The Gilded Age*, and was written jointly by Charles Dudley Warner and Mark Twain. Now Warner's "largely irrelevant" and certainly long-winded contributions have been left out, and linking passages added where necessary. The book is a satire of the Reconstruction period in America, with portraits of Washington and Congressional society, of river life and the Missouri backwoods. Published by Chatto and Windus, 9 June, 25s

THE DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID by Octave Mirbeau. First published in Paris in 1900, satire of turn of the century Parisian society and values, under the elaborate and erotic guise of a chambermaid's adventures in love. New translation by Douglas Garmen, published by Elek Books, 30s

A STEP OUT OF TIME by Betty Askwith. Charlotte wakes up after an operation in another girl's room and another girl's skin. Her new name is Lucy and she gradually adapts to living a 100 years ago and to a Victorian girl's family life. Published by Chatto and Windus, 9 June, 18s

THE DANDELION CLOCK by Ursula Bloom. Frances is a secretary in a publishing office. She is sent to Paris to persuade one of their best-selling writers to complete an overdue manuscript and falls in love with him. When she finds out he is married, she breaks with him. He is killed in a car crash, leaving her a great deal of money. She in turn writes a book, and finds new love . . . Published by Hutchinson, 13 June, 18s

MATE IN THREE by Bernice Rubens. Jack, though married to Ruth, cannot find any reality in marriage unless he forces her to share him with other women. They go on holiday to South Africa, have a series of rows with a White Nationalist group. Published by Eyre and Spottiswoode, 9 June, 30s

MIDNIGHT COWBOY by James Leo Herlihy. Joe Black, an orphan, then a dishwasher in Houston, buys himself a cowboy outfit and comes to New York, ready and willing to be paid by rich women for his services. He is fleeced, corrupted, exploited, before he finds his identity. Published by Jonathan Cape, 9 June, 21s

A VIEW OF VULTURES by Alan Scholefield. Historical novel of a young Scotsman who escapes from a convict ship and lands at the Cape of Good Hope in 1806 to become one of the early pioneers of the veld. Published by Heinemann, 13 June, 25s

ON A FATED NIGHT by Dorothea Malm. A girl goes to Paris from America to study art, marries a wealthy and elegant Parisian who dabbles in hypnotism. A love story and an investigation of the problems of memory and consciousness. Published by Peter Davies, 13 June, 30s

LOVE AND SIR LAUNCELOT by Richard Gordon. Back at St Swithin's Hospital, Sir Launcelot, warden of the residential medical college, becomes entangled with a keen student of sex, a girl called Debbie, the new Minister of Health, Pat the barmaid and others. Published by Heinemann, 13 June, 18s

Marguerite Young (above) describes her new novel, "Miss MacIntosh, My Darling," as "poetic and psychological." It took her 17 years to write and is nearly 1200 pages long.

GENERAL

THE SECOND WAR AGAINST HITLER by Fabian von Schlabrendorff. The story of the German resistance to Hitler. The author, one of the few who survived, joined the small, clandestine groups, which became the core of the Resistance as soon as Hitler took power. He was intimately involved with the first attempt against Hitler's life. Published by Hodder and Stoughton, 6 June, 35s

MANCHILD IN THE PROMISED LAND by Claude Brown. "I want to talk about the first Northern urban generation of Negroes. It seems that Cousin Willie, in his lying haste, had neglected to tell the folks down home about one of the most important aspects of the promised land: it was a slum ghetto." This, in simplest language, is Harlem. "Where does one run to when he's already in the promised land?" Published by Jonathan Cape, 9 June, 30s

THE MAN WHO REFUSED TO DIE by Barry Wynne. The story of Teehu Makimare, who inspired the crew of a 13-foot boat to survive, during a 64-day voyage in the Pacific. The boat was originally one of four to set out to take food and vegetables to the Polynesian Island of Manihiki; a storm and a snapped bowsprit sent them off course. Makimare righted the boat in storms, and took charge when they arrived 2,000 miles from their destination, in the New Hebrides. Book Society alternative choice for June. Published by Souvenir Press, 6 June, 21s

MODERN TRAGEDY by Raymond Williams. A series of critical essays examines the 20th century experience of an attitude to tragedy: its social framework, intellectual roots, artistic methods. The change from hero to victim, the element of destruction in personal relationships, social deadlock and immobility. Published by Chatto and Windus, 9 June, 30s

NEW PAPERBACKS

THE ADVENTURERS by Harold Robbins. Published by Four Square, 10s 6d

MEMOIRS OF HADRIAN by Marguerite Yourcenar. Four Square, 5s

THE INNOCENTS ABROAD by Mark Twain. Signet, 6s

coming soon

16 June: THE MISSION by Hans Habe (Harrap)

DE GAULLE by François Mauriac (Bodley Head)

20 June: TOMORROW'S SUN by Helen Joseph (Hutchinson)

THE EARLY LIFE OF STEPHEN HIND by Storm Jameson (Macmillan)

MUSIC

FIRST FIVE: 1 LSO. Festival Hall (Thurs). 2 Bluebeard, Sadler's Wells (Thurs, Sat, Tues). 3 Don Carlos, Covent Garden (Fri, Mon). 4 Fille du Régiment, Covent Garden (Sat). 5 Sviatoslav Richter, Festival Hall (Wed).

Pick up any big-name recital record of the past three decades and the chances are that you will find "Accompanied by Gerald Moore" on the label. This month, after a unique career spanning 50 years, Moore is officially "retiring." He will still make records, broadcast, and trot round the world lecturing, adjudicating, and giving master classes. But the concert platform will see him no more. Looking, at 66, as genially phlegmatic as ever, he claims: "It's the nerve strain. With recording, you can always go back and do it again."

Moore, the "unashamed accompanist" to two generations, has done far more than build his own world-wide reputation. He has made accompanying respectable. "When I started, the accompanist was meant to be hardly seen and only just heard. Singers would have resented the idea of a partnership. Accompanying was something inferior – you did it on the side while training as a soloist. Today no decent singer would thank you for *not* pulling him up when he's flat, or out of tempo." The German *lied* in which Moore excels was, of course, conceived as a dual performance, like a sonata, but, he points out: "In the '20s *lieder* were not sung very much. It was all ballads and arias."

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Victoria de los Angeles join Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau in a "farewell" recital for Gerald Moore in February.

Over the years he has accompanied virtually every top singer, violinist, and 'cellist – Chaliapin, McCormack, Casals, Menuhin, Ferrier, and the German stars. Tactfully he refuses to name his "greatest of all" candidate (though he has one). He thinks Chaliapin was probably the greatest "character" and says no one today excels Schwarzkopf in *lieder*. His other favourite soprano is Victoria de los Angeles, whom he will accompany at the Festival Hall on 19 June.

Moore is resigned to being asked whether he wouldn't rather have been a soloist (he did rather resent the lady who inquired: "Mr Moore, when are you going to become a *pianist*?"). "I'd love to be endowed with the tremendous technique of, say, my friend Solomon. But if I could start again, it would still be as an accompanist. The repertoire is endless." His advice to young followers: "Keep a still tongue and an attentive ear. Don't envy the singer's big fees – your fingers will last longer than his voice. And practise like hell."

richard last

RECITALS

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, South Bank, SE1 (WAT 3191). Sun 12 June: Works by Handel, Brahms, Spohr, Chausson, Achron, Wieniawski. Mischa Elman, violin. Joseph Seiger, piano. 3.0
W 15 June: Works by Schubert, Franck, Liszt. Sviatoslav Richter, piano. 8.0

WIGMORE HALL, Wigmore Street, W1 (WEL 2141). Th 9 June: Works by Schubert, Schumann. Jean Phillips, piano. 7.30
M 13 June: Works by Copland, Bach, Chopin, Busoni, Tchaikovsky, Chopin-Liszt, Liszt. Richard Casper, piano. 7.30
T 14 June: Works by Liszt, Ravel, Rachmaninov. Thomas Rajna, piano. 7.30
W 15 June: Works by Rachmaninov, Mussorgsky. Helen Watts, contralto, John Streets, piano, Gwenneth Pryor, piano solo. 7.30

HOLY SEPULCHRE, Holborn Viaduct, EC4. W 15 June: Clarendon Group: Elizabeth Polunin, viola, David de Warrenne, piano. 1.15

HOLY TRINITY, Brompton, SW7. W 15 June: Works by Beethoven, Saint-Saëns, Tartini, Ravel. Claire Bernard, violin, Geoffrey Parsons, violin. 8.0

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE, Kensington, W8 (WES 1852). Th 10, F 11 & Sat 12 June: Indian Dances. Ritha Devi and Company. 8.0

ST MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS. T 14 June: Judith Fitton, flute Richard Nunn, piano. 1.5

OPERA

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, Covent Garden, WC2 (COV 1066). F 10 June: Don Carlos, Verdi, in Italian (Revival). Conductor: Downes. Principals: Jones, Gorr, Prevedi, Glossop, Christoff, D Ward. 7.0
Sat 11 June: La Fille du Régiment, Donizetti (in French). Conductor: Bonynge. Principals: Sutherland, M Sinclair, Pavarotti, Malas. 7.30
M 13 June: Don Carlos, Verdi (in Italian). Conductor: Downes. Principals: Jones, Gorr, Prevedi, Glossop, Christoff, D. Ward. 7.0
T 14 June: La Fille du Régiment, Donizetti (in French). Special performance for Youth and Music and the Friends of Covent Garden. 7.30

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, Rosebery Avenue, EC1 (TER 1672). Th 9 June: Bluebeard, Offenbach. Conductor: Faris. Principals: Neville, Burton, Blackham, Hawthorne, Fryatt, Klein, Shilling, Orchard. 7.30
F 10 June: La Vie Parisienne, Offenbach. Conductor: Reid. Principals: Studholme, Purton, Robson, Morey, Belcourt, Fryatt, Miller, Stroud. 7.30
Sat 11 June: Bluebeard, Offenbach. Conductor: Faris. Principals: Neville, Burton, Blackham, Hawthorne, Fryatt, Klein, Shilling, Orchard. 7.30

GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL OPERA, Lewes, Sussex (Ringmer 321). F 10 June, Sun 12 June & W 15 June: Dido and Aeneas, Purcell/Britten. L'Heure Espagnole, Ravel. Conductor: Pritchard. Principals: J Baker, Hemsley, Garcisanz, Le Hémonet. F & W 6.5. Sun 5.5
Sat 11 June & T 14 June: Werther, Massenet. Conductor: Cillario. Principals: Brazzi, T'Hezan, Gottlieb, Doué. 5.50

Close-up on Eric Shilling and Joyce Blackham as they appear in "Bluebeard" at Sadler's Wells.

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, South Bank, SE1 (WAT 3191). F 10 June: La Boheme. British première of colour film of Puccini's opera. La Scala, Milan production. Orchestra of La Scala, Milan. Conductor: Herbert von Karajan. Principals: Mirella Freni, Adriana Martino, Gianni Raimondi, Rolando Panerai, Gianni Maffeo, Ivo Vinco. 8.0
T 14 June: La Boheme. Film (see above) 8.0

CONCERTS

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, South Bank, SE1 (WAT 3191). Th 9 June: Works by Mozart, R Strauss, Mahler. London Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt. Soloist: Evelyn Lear, soprano. 8.0
Sat 11 June: Festival of Light Music. BBC Concert Orchestra, GUS (Footwear) and Fairey bands, massed choirs. Conductors: Stanford Robinson, Pierino Gamba, Harry Mortimer. Soloists: Cynthia Glover, soprano, Max Worthley, tenor, George Baker, baritone, Denis Dowling, baritone, Norman Lumsden, bass-baritone. 7.30
Sun 12 June: Works by Haydn, Liszt, Brahms. London Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt. Soloist: Andre Watts, piano. 7.30
M 14 June: Works by Beethoven. Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Charles Groves. Soloist: Claudio Arraeu, piano. 8.0

ROYAL ALBERT HALL, Kensington Gore, SW7 (KEN 8212). F 10 June: Bill Monroe and the Blue Grass Boys, Bill Clifton and Hedy West. 7.30

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, SW1. Th 9 June: Royal College of Music Students' Concert. 8.0

FAIRFIELD HALL, Park Lane, Croydon (CRO 9192). Th 9 June: Erroll Garner Trio. 8.0
F 10 June: Band of the US 3rd Air Force. Soloists: Owen Brannigan, bass, Ernest Lush, piano. 7.45
Sat 11 June: Salvation Army Music Festival. Dir: Lt-Col Bernard Adams. International Staff Band, South London Chorus, guests. 7.0

KENWOOD LAKESIDE. NW3. Sat 11 June: Symphony Concert. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Charles Mackerras. 8.0

NEW VICTORIA, Victoria, SW1. Sun 12 June: Erroll Garner Trio. 8.30

BALLET

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, Covent Garden, WC2 (COV 1066). Th 9 June: Swan Lake, Tchaikovsky/Ivanov and Petipa. Conductor: Lawrence. Royal Ballet. Principals: Wells, Wall. 7.30
Sat 11 June: Swan Lake, Tchaikovsky/Ivanov and Petipa. Conductor: Fry. Royal Ballet. Principals: Grahame, Wall. 2.15
W 15 June: The Lady and the Fool. Verdi/Cranko. The Royal Ballet. Principals: Grahame, Grater, Mosaval: and The Two Pigeons. Messager/Ashton. The Royal Ballet. Principals: Wells, Anderton, Wall. Conductor: Lawrence. 7.30

GOLDERS GREEN HIPPODROME, NW11 (SPE 0022). M-W 13 to 15 June: Giselle, Adam/Coralli/Perrot/Petipa/Graeme. Ballet Rambert. Principals: Belair, Truscott, Barrett, Bannerman: and Singular Moves, Lasry, Baschet/Knott. 8.0
Th-Sat: 16 to 18 June: Coppélia, Delibes/St Léon/Ivanov. Ballet Rambert. Principals: Belair, Truscott, Barrett, Bannerman. 8.0. Mats: Th & Sat. 2.30

GALLERIES

FIRST FIVE: 1 Victor Pasmore (New London). 2 Aubrey Beardsley (V & A). 3 "La Vie Intime" (Roland Browse and Delbanco). 4 Klee and Nolde (Marlborough Fine Art). 5 Klee (Brook Street).

Minor symptoms in artistic matters can indicate general attitudes. One can nowadays start quite a hot argument by asking an artist or an art student "When did you last sign a picture?" Depending on their prejudice, the reply they give you can vary all the way from smug satisfaction to outraged incredulity, as though you had made an indecent suggestion.

At one time, though not always in the history of art, a signature on a painting was an assertion that it was completed, whole and original and was signed as much for the artist to feel rid of it as for the patron or public to feel they could possess it.

Nowadays and for several artistic generations past, artists take up mixed attitudes to the question of whether to sign or not. All sorts of artists from Rubens to Whistler have been credited with the response to the question: "where is the signature?" with: "it is signed all over!" True, and one can see what whichever one of them it was meant, but a trifle aggressive surely? Just as good artists have continued

Left: 'Le Chemin Creux" by Seurat at Arthur Tooth. Right: "Light Object," moving construction by Von Graevenitz at Signals, London. Contrasting ways to achieve effectiveness.

Opening 21 July for two weeks, Kasmin will be showing the set drawings by David Hockney for Ubu Roi, opening 21st, also illustrations for Cavafy.

to put their names on the front of their work. Van Gogh used "Vincent" boldly and colourfully as an integral part of his picture. The only argument against signing that has any substance is that in some kinds of modern painting the addition of a caligraphic image would disturb the pictorial balance. But it doesn't say much for the pictorial ingenuity of the artist.

Other reasons are much less convincing. The most frequently given, significant and mentally lazy is that "signing is old hat" and that "an artist(sic) can never be sure when a picture is finished anyway." As though every kind of painting was an open-ended situation. It did not stop Bonnard signing and then adding bits to the picture later as opportunity and inclination arose.

The chances that someone will buy a picture on the strength of there being a famous name on it, heedless of whether it is a good work of art is not a convincing reason either, in the face of the obscure and personal motivations that urge people to collect paintings in the first place. For me a signature is a sign of self respect.

keith sutton

Left: SS Demetrius & Paraskeri: Greek icon of late 15th century at the Temple Gallery. Right: The Annunciation: Greek icon of the 18th century, also at the Temple Gallery.

OPENING

AIA. 15 Lisle Street, WC2. GER 4846. Summer Exhibition. 17 June-7 July. M-F 11-6, Sat 11-4

ART FEDERATION, 6½ Suffolk Street, SW1. WHI 6844. Royal Society Summer Exhibition. 15 June-9 July. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-1

MARCEL DUCHAMP. Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1. TAT 4444. First fully comprehensive retrospective exhibition of Duchamp's work to be shown in Europe. Many works from the Sisler Collection in Philadelphia. 18 June-31 July. M-Sat 10-6, T & Th 10-8, Sun 2-6. Adm. 5s

PAUL KLEE AND EMIL NOLDE. Marlborough Fine Arts, 39 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 5161. Paintings and watercolours. 15 June-16 July. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-12

PAUL KLEE. Brook Street, 24 Brook Street, W1. HYD 1550. Drawings and watercolours. 14 June-Sept. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

LEICESTER. 4 Audley Street, W1. MAY 1159. Harkness Fellows 1958-1966. Recent works, paintings, drawings and sculptures by artists who have held fellowships; including Richard Smith, David Holt, Anthony Fry, Harold Cohen and Henry Inlander. 15 June-14 July. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

OREL AND RABA. Drian, 5-7 Porchester Place, W2. PAD 9473. Raba – reliefs, moonscape and space images: representing Spain at Venice Biennale. Orel – bright coloured Towards Op paintings; recent Paris exhibition. 13 June-1 July. Daily 10-6

GREENHILL, SEVEK AND GIFFARD. Woodstock. 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAY 4419. Greenhill – watercolours: Sevek-watercolours: Giffard – oil paintings. 13 June-2 July. M-F 10-6. Sat 10-1

PERMEKE. Crane Kalman, 178 Brompton Road, SW3. KNI 7566. About 30 oil paintings from the 20s and 30s, landscapes, seascapes and portraits. 15 June-31 July. M-F 10-7, Sat 10-4

CURRENT

ILENE ASTRAHAN. Portal Gallery, 16a Grafton Street, W1. HYD 0706. "Doors of Perception": tempera paintings on panel; Mediterranean façades and surrealistically inclined still-lifes. Sizes up to 36 in. x 24 in. Until 24 June. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

EDWARD AVEDISIAN. Kasmin, 118 New Bond Street, W1. MAY 2821. Paintings by American abstract artist. Until 18 June. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

BATTERSEA PARK. Open-air sculpture exhibition; including works by Moore, Hepworth, Paolozzi, Caro etc. Until 30 Sep – till the light fails. Adm 2s 6d Stds & under 16, 1s 6d

AUBREY BEARDSLEY. Victoria & Albert Museum, Kensington, SW7. KEN 6371. Drawings, lithographs, documents. Until 1 Sep. Daily 10-6, Sun 2.30-6

BRITISH MUSEUM. Great Russell Street, WC1. MUS 1555. A further selection of Masterpieces from the Print Room: New Guinea: the Sepik Headwaters 1963-4: Far Eastern Screen Painting: Swedish Gold. (Until 26 June.) Daily 10-5, Sun 2.30-6

ERIC BROWN & PAMELA KERR. Grabowski, 84 Sloane Avenue, SW3. KEN 1868. Paintings and metal collages. Until 23 June. Daily 10-6

ROGER COOK. Rowan, 25a Lowndes Street, SW1. BEL 3490. Second solo exhibition, recent paintings, acrylic on canvas, kapok padding. Until 23 June. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

CURWEN. 1 Coleville Place, W1. MUS 1459. "Made by Hand"; autolithography printed at the Curwen press 1920-50. Until 2 July. M-F 10-5, Thurs 10-7, Sat 10-1

ANTHONY D'OFFAY. 8 Vigo Street, W1. REG 5568. The English Friends of Paul Gauguin. Until 2 July. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

BILL DOLE. McRoberts & Tunnard, 34 Curzon Street, W1. GRO 3811. Abstract collages with graphic inflections; first solo exhibition in Britain. Until 18 June. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

Left: "Messalina returning from the Bath" by Aubrey Beardsley at the V & A. Right: "Portrait imaginaire de Philippe II" by Saura at the ICA.

Left: "Maske Dreisahn" by Paul Klee at Marlborough Fine Art. Right: Head of Young Girl by Emil Nolde at Marlborough Fine Art.

OTTO GUTFREUND (1889-1927). Grosvenor, 30 Davies Street, W1. MAY 0891. Czech cubist, born in Prague; 22 bronzes and about 20 drawings. Until 24 June. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

BARBARA HEPWORTH. Gimpels Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W1. MAY 3720. Recent sculptures and drawings, work in bronze and slate. Until July. M-F 10-5.45, Sat 10-1

IVON HITCHENS. Waddington, 2 Cork Street, W1. REG 1719. Recent paintings, oil on canvas, romantic landscapes. Until 25 June. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

BALRAJ KHANNA. Anthony Tooth, 6a Maddox Street, W1. GRO 7491. Recent abstract paintings by Indian artist living in England. Until 21 June. M-F 10.30-5.30, Sat 10-1

LEFEVRE. 30 Bruton Street, W1. MAY 2250. Contemporary French and British painters including Colmece, Taylor, Lowry, Burra and M Smith. Until September. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-1

LORD'S GALLERY. 26 Wellington Road, St John's Wood, NW8. PRI 4444. "Bonnard, Lautrec & '90's Posters" extended till mid-June. Daily 10-7

O'HANA. 13 Carlos Place, W1. GRO 1562. Summer exhibition of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist Paintings. Until 17 Sept. M-F 9.30-6, Sat 9.30-1

VICTOR PASMORE. Marlborough New London, 17/18 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 5161. Recent relief constructions. Also four large works by Gottlieb. Until 1 July. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-12

THE QUEEN'S GALLERY. Buckingham Palace, SW1. "George IV and the Arts of France." Until further notice. T-Sat 11-5, Sun 2.30-5. Closed Mon. Adm. 2s 6d, students 1s 6d

BRIDGET RILEY. Robert Fraser, 69 Duke Street, W1. MAY 7196. Drawings on paper from all stages of her development. Until 25 June. M-F 10-6, Sat 11-1

ROLAND, BROWSE & DELBANCO. 19 Cork Street, W1. REG 7984. *La Vie Intime*. Until 18 June. M-F 10.30-5.30, Sat 10-1

ROYAL ACADEMY. Piccadilly W1. REG 7981. Summer Exhibition. Until 14 August. M-Sat 10-6, Sun 2-6. Adm 5s. Students and pensioners half-price

MATT RUGG. New Art Centre, 41 Sloane Street, SW1. BEL 5844. Painted and unpainted wooden works. Until 25 June. M-F 10-6. Sat 10-1

PATRICK SCOTT. Hamilton, 8 St George Street, W1. HYD 3196. Adjustable abstracts, gold on natural canvas. Second solo exhibition at gallery. Until 18 June. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

COMING SOON

For their final show before summer closing, Roland Browse and Delbanco will be exhibiting early Cézannesque and Cubist works by Henri Hayden.

SALEROOMS

FRI 10 JUNE
19th-century paintings at Christie's. 11 am
English and Continental furniture, works of art and rugs and carpets at Sotheby's. 11 am
Stamps – rarities of the world – at Harmer Rooke's. 2 pm. This is indeed a stamp sale to goggle at. Lot 7 is the 1913 Waterloo printing, "Seahorses," a complete mint sheet of 40 £1 green stamps with full margins in true Post Office condition. They are of the greatest rarity and could fetch around £3,500

MON 13 JUNE
Oriental porcelain at Christie's. 11 am
Valuable printed books at Sotheby's. 11 am, continuing Tues
Important classical antiquities at Sotheby's. 2.30 pm
Objects of vertu at Sotheby's. 11 am

TUES 14 JUNE
Good English drawings at Christie's. 11 am
English and Continental porcelain and glass at Sotheby's. 11 am
Old and modern printed books at Phillips, Son & Neale's. 2 pm
Furniture and pictures at Bonham's Old Chelsea Galleries. 11 am
Ceramics and objects of art at Puttick & Simpson's. 11 am
English and Continental furniture, porcelain and works of art at Phillips, Son & Neale's. 11 am

WED 15 JUNE
Pamphlets and silver at Christie's. 11 am
18th- and 19th-century paintings and drawings at Sotheby's. 11 am
Carpets and rugs at Bonham's. 11 am
Antiques at the Motcomb Galleries. 11 am and 2.30 pm

THURS 16 JUNE
English and Continental silver and plate at Sotheby's. 11 am
English and Continental furniture at Christie's. 11 am
Antique and modern furniture at Bonham's. 11 am
Paintings by Old and Modern Masters at Bonham's. 11 am
Objects of art, pictures, porcelain and carpets at Harrods. 10 am

ADDRESSES & VIEWING TIMES
Bonham & Sons Ltd, Montpelier Galleries, Montpelier Street, SW7 (KNI 9161) – at least three days before sale
Christie, Manson & Woods Ltd, 8 King Street, SW1 (TRA 9060) – at least three days before sale
Harmer Rooke & Co Ltd, 2 Arundel Street, WC2 (TEM 7941) – at least three days before sale
Harrods Estate Offices, 32 Hans Crescent, SW1 (KEN 1490) – at least two days before sale
Motcomb Galleries, 19 Motcomb Street, SW1 (BEL 3636) – at least two days before sale
Puttick & Simpson Ltd, 7 Blenheim Street, W1 (GRO 8541) – at least two days before sale
Phillips, Son & Neale Ltd, 7 Blenheim Street, W1 (GRO 8541) – at least three days before sale
Sotheby & Co, 34 New Bond Street, W1 (HYD 7242) – at least two days before sale

penny haworth

MAKE A DATE

THURSDAY 16 JUNE:
Cricket: 2nd Test Match, England v West Indies, Lord's (to 21st).

FRIDAY 17 JUNE:
Ball: Westminster Ball, Hurlingham.
Athletics: Great Britain v Russia, White City (and 18th).

SUNDAY 19 JUNE:
Polo: Final of Royal Windsor Cup, Windsor Great Park.

MONDAY 20 JUNE:
Tennis: All England Championships, Wimbledon (until 2 July).
Cricket: The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will visit Lord's for the test match.
Festival: Annual Dickens Festival, Broadstairs, Kent (to 25th).

TUESDAY 21 JUNE:
Show: Royal Highland Show, Ingliston, nr Edinburgh (to 24th).

WEDNESDAY 29 JUNE:
Regatta: Henley Royal Regatta (till 2 July).
Athletics: International Match: England v Sweden, White City.

FRIDAY 1 JULY
Cricket: Eton versus Harrow, Lord's (and 2nd).

SUNDAY 3 JULY:
Festival: Cheltenham Festival (till 15 July).

FRIDAY 8 JULY:
Show: Royal Windsor Rose Show (and 9th).

SATURDAY 9 JULY:
Cricket: Varsity Match, Lord's.

MONDAY 11 JULY:
Festival: Festival of the City of London (to 23rd).
Football: The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will attend the opening match of the World Cup Championship at Wembley.

WEDNESDAY 13 JULY:
Show: Royal Tournament, Earls Court (till 30th).

MONDAY 18 JULY:
Show: Royal International Horse Show, White City (till 23rd).

SATURDAY 30 JULY:
Football: World Cup final, Wembley.
Sailing: Cowes Week regatta (till 7 August).

TUESDAY 2 AUGUST
Show: Dublin Horse Show (till 6th).

WEDNESDAY 10 AUGUST:
Show: Ascot Jumping Show, Ascot Racecourse (till 13th).

SUNDAY 21 AUGUST:
Festival: Edinburgh Festival (till 10 September).

THURSDAY 25 AUGUST:
Flowers: Guernsey Battle of Flowers, Guernsey.

MONDAY 5 SEPTEMBER
Show: Farnborough Air Show and Exhibition, Farnborough, Hants (to 11th).

FRIDAY 9 SEPTEMBER:
Pageant: Thames Pageant (tercentenary of the Great Fire), River Thames, London.

GOOD EATING

A summer pavilion spreads its wings among the trees of Regent's Park, in Queen Mary's Rose Garden. Opened in July 1964, it has proved a notable amenity in a spot for long devoted to rather primitive outdoor eating. (See opposite page.)

"Darling mother, I really don't think I understand Cousin Arthur. Here we are in London, which really is a marvy place, and it's summer, and all – I mean, it's June here, just like it is in Moscow, Idaho – but when I said let's have a barbecue, Cousin Arthur gave a sort of very English snort and said if all I wanted to do was inhale, we could do that in Smoky Joe's.

"So then I said how about all those lovely parks, I mean I've seen them and you can walk on the grass and not get beaten up or you-know-what like in New York. So I thought maybe we could eat in the open air. Well, I said, is this Europe or isn't it? And I've seen them doing it in Paris, oh, in lots of films.

"Well, I never shall make Cousin Arthur out. He's always acting as though Moscow, Idaho, was simply nowhere – like Manhattan, Kansas. Anyway, when I said this about eating out, and I mean *out*, he just said. *Summer is icumen in loud sing goddam.* Well I know he said this because I just had to make him write it down for me. And I said a penny for your thoughts, Cousin Arthur. And he said, a pound, my dear, and gave a silly sort of laugh and looked very pleased with himself. I think it was one of his great literary puns – you know what Cousin Arthur is like.

It was marvy

"So then I looked so lost and American, that's what he says I looked like anyway, that he relented and took pity and took me all round town, and we ate out of doors all over, and I thought it was marvy. Oh yes, and Cousin Arthur has a cold now.

"Once we went right over to Kensington, to Holland Park, and had real Continental cuisine in the Belvedere. Cousin Arthur got very angry, though, because the first two taxi drivers he asked didn't even know where it was, and he said he'd been caught that way before. So he phoned them up and asked the Belvedere where exactly they are. I liked it very much there because when we walked round the flower garden a marvy peacock came and strutted quite close to us. Cousin Arthur says they're quite common in Europe. He says almost every Labour MP has one.

"And we went to the Rose Garden in Queen Mary's Gardens. That's near the Zoo, you know. I've never eaten in a park actually named after a Royal personage before. There are lots of tables outside this restaurant, but it was raining like anything the day we went so we had to have lunch inside. A very charming waiter put pieces of bread on the tables outside, though, and we watched the birds eating in the open air. That's the trouble with eating out of doors in London, Cousin Arthur says. It's strictly for the birds.

Quite something

"The next night we ate on a barge near the Zoo, and that really was something. I mean, soignée wasn't in it. And they had central heating, which Cousin Arthur says is the best way to eat out of doors in London. Well, it isn't out of doors exactly on this barge, but you're not on dry land either, so doesn't that count?

"Do you know, there's even a place right opposite the American Embassy where you can eat out of doors? And it's so European and all. It's called the Terrasse Tio Pepe, and it's so Continental that some of the dishes I couldn't even recognise. Not even when I was eating them. But, my, I did enjoy that.

"And then we went to a funny-shaped restaurant near the Serpentine – that's a lake where people go swimming on New Year's Day, Cousin Arthur says – and it's called the Serpentine, and I liked it best of all. Because, do you know, they have real American food there, like charcoal-grilled poussin and baked Virginia ham, and Aunt Mary's apple pie. So maybe London isn't all that European after all. I mean, cousin Arthur says practically everybody has heard of hamburgers,

Your loving daughter,
Betsy Mae."

● A life on the ocean wave – or at any rate in the Cumberland Basin – used to be a mite rougher than it is now days. Alf Bayer, South African co-director of the Barque o' Bite, that rather swish little barge moored by Regent's Park, tells me that last winter the vessel was liable to drift away from the bank on occasion.

"It happened a few times, in very heavy rain. The waiters, all of us, had to rush to the side and pull her back to shore again. We all got pretty muddy, I can tell you. We're all tied up now, though, so that won't happen again."

It's really an exclusive little place – for food comments, see adjoining page – which seats about 44 to 50 at most, though all 60 Miss World contestants once ate there, and that was quite a squeeze, please.

Alf Bayer came to the barge business from nightclubs and restaurants in South Africa. His fellow-director Geoffrey Cassen used to be in the family's clothing shops business. Nothing can rock their boat now, it seems, except, perhaps, the turbulence of pleasure craft that invade the Regent's Park Canal on the bright days of summer.

arthur pottersman

SEVEN SYBARITIC RETREATS FOR HUNGRY CITY SAMURAI

their long-suffering wives and greedy geisha exist in central London. Called Peter Evans Eating Houses they specialise in the sort of food Britain was famous for when British food was famous (*circa* 1810-1910). Discreetly enthusiastic service, man-sized seating and spirituous liqueurs at encouraging prices allow initiates to concentrate on the important things in life such as Galloway steaks; Dover soles; Wiltshire Gammon; steak and kidney pie. For Food with Style retreat now to 65 Kings Road, SW3, SLO 2810; 1 Kingly Street, W1, REG 7460; 78 Kensington High Street, W8, WES 8282; 225 Brompton Road, SW3, KEN 8578; 115 Finchley Road, NW3, PRI 4990; Midmoor House, Kew Road, Richmond, RIChmond 1165; 60 Fleet Street, EC4, FLE 4996.

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SUMMER SELECTIONS

BARQUE & BITE, opp 15 Prince Albert Road, NW1 (GUL 8137): open every day from 12 to 3 and 7 to 11.30, though in winter time, from November 1 to April 16, they close on Sundays. Well worth walking the plank for this restaurant, on a barge in the Cumberland Basin. Start with artichoke, hot or cold (5s 6d), or palm tree hearts (6s 6d), or smoked eels (7s 6d) or onion soup (5s). The mousse d'avocado aux crevettes is very enjoyable (7s 6d) but would be even more so with less sauce and more avocado. Lovely French cooking, my taster agrees. Recommended: langue d'agneau (12s 6d) or medaillons de veau (13s 6d) in cream sauce and with pine nuts. Also enjoyed: trout aux amandes (13s 6d), and I really must return one day to see what the loup de mer, or catfish, is like (12s 6d). Vegetables are worth a mention, especially the fried aubergines which blessedly are not greasy here. Sweets include: strawberry sorbet (4s 6d), mousse de chocolat au cointreau (4s 6d), but I found the profiteroles stodgier than they should be. Good coffee. Good carafe wine (12s 6d). Expect to pay just over £2 a head, but they do give you a free glass of sherry when you arrive. No credit cards

BELVEDERE, Holland Park, W8 (WES 4041). Tell taxi-drivers, who don't all know it, that the entrance is in Abbotsbury Road off Melbury Road. It won't cost more than 12s 6d, including tip, from Charing Cross. Open every day from 12 to 3 (Sunday 12.30) and 6 to 11 (Sunday 6.30). Rather fierce red décor, but worth visiting for the mallards in the pond in the flower garden and the resplendent peacock too. In this part of Kensington Harrods electric broughams are double-parked by Harrods electric broughams. Typical and apparently reliable international - cum - Continental menu - and prices: potted shrimps 4s 6d, smoked salmon 9s 6d. Soles with usual sauces (Veronique, Bonne Femme) around 15s 6d. Escalopes are 12s 6d and fillet steak 15s 6d. Currie de volaille (tiens!) is 13s 6d. The usual sweets at 3s 6d and 4s 6d. Carafe wine: 14s. Expect to pay around 35s to 40s a head. CREDIT CARDS: none

BEOTYS, 14 Wright's Lane, W8 (WES 8525) and 79 St Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 8768). Open Monday-Saturday, 12.30-2.45 and 6-11 (St Martin's Lane serves dinner from 5.30-11.30). The Kensington restaurant has a balcony with removable windows to make summer evening eating more pleasurable. Beotys is Greek for quality, and I like their quality very much: start with taramosalada (6s 6d), or vine leaves (6s), or owner Theodore Frangos's own creation, scampi Theodore - hot sherry sauce, seasoning and mushrooms (10s 6d). Continue with moussaka (12s 6d), or a Greek-Cypriot dish, stefado de boeuf-sautéd, with shallots, seasoning, button mushrooms (12s 6d). The Greek sweets here are extremely good. I like especially the loukmades (6s 6d), served with sugar, cloves and cinammon. Greek wines may be an acquired taste - shall we say I was *interested* by the Metaxas red Burgundy (16s) - but there are plenty of very moderately priced French wines on the list, too. If your pocket can stretch, I also urge a smashing Greek orange liqueur - Filfar (4s 6d). Incidentally, for my more conservative compatriots, there's always a special English dish on the menu. Good eavesdropping - the other week I think I heard BBC TV boss Huw Wheldon tell retired BBC high-up Grace Wyndham Goldie that his favourite programmes were football, Quatermass, and Tony Hancock. Not even Harold Wilson could complain of that. Good value for two, at about £3. CREDIT CARDS: Diners, American Express

THE GUINEA, 30 Bruton Place, W1 (MAY 5613). Monday-Friday 12.30-2.30 and 7-12 (last orders, 11.15). Saturday, dinner only. It was a food-loving American film director who introduced me to this very English-looking olde pub (there's been one on the site since 1423). Because there's no menu at all, it's almost more unnerving than Wilton's. As you enter they show you, with splendid ceremony, a glutton's dream - an immense pile of steaks. Choose one (in fact they are all large and succulent, and cost 1 guinea), select also something to start with - asparagus (around 17s 6d), smoked salmon (14s 6d), smoked trout (10s 6d). By the time you've coped with that, your charcoal-grilled steak will arrive. It is very good indeed. I recommend, too, the mixed salad - they even peel the fresh tomatoes. To finish: strawberries, fresh pineapple, fruit salad (not so good - the grapes aren't pipped and they add tinned cherries) or the less expensive but excellent cheeseboard. Americans love the Guinea - as the long white Cadillacs outside, and the "just look at those scrumptious steaks" that I overheard, go to prove. There's a long narrow room with hunting prints on the walls, and a larger restaurant whose roof folds back on warm summer days - but booking is essential. Perhaps 60 per cent. of the clientele is American, but there's a small sprinkling of Greek shipowners coming in too: Goulandris, Nomikos, Mavroleon. Expect to pay at least £3 a head, including wine. CREDIT CARDS: Diners, American Express, Barclays

JACARANDA, Walton House, Walton Street, SW3 (KEN 0075). Open Monday to Saturday from 12.30 to 2.30 and 6.30 to 11.30. Sundays, same lunch times, but dinner is from 7 to 10. A very pleasant little Italian restaurant, but really only for the warmer days of summer and maybe spring. No doubt it's comfortable in winter, but I really did shiver during a recent mid-May lunch there. Good eating, though the plates should have been warmer. Tunny fish and white beans (5s 6d) or tagliatelle Jacaranda, with cream ham and peas (7s 6d) make excellent starts. Saltimbocca (15s 6d) or petto di pollo alexandra with herbs, truffles, asparagus (15s 6d) keep the standard high. To end with any of the following sweets will please the sweetest-toothed companion: crema caramella (enormous) 2s 6d; arancio messicano (orange caramel sauce, ice-cream) 4s 6d; or the smashing pesche patrizia (peaches ice-cream, chocolate sauce) 5s 6d. Carafe wine: about 14s 6d. Minimum dinner charge is 21s. Otherwise, expect to pay about £2 2s a head, including a couple of cocktails. Lovely to sit outside, under the striped awnings, and look at pansies in a big brown teapot by the side of a fountain. CREDIT CARDS: American Express, Diners

ROSE GARDEN, Queen Mary's Gardens, Regent's Park, NW1 (WEL 5729). Open every day and serving full meals from 10 am right through to 10.30 pm. Rather pleasant way to spend an hour or so, even if it is raining, because the very friendly young waiter puts bread out for the birds to nibble, and you can gaze at the flowers, too. Of course, if the weather is really good enough, eating proceeds out of doors. Rather bland eating, however, (John Gardner, part of the Trust Houses Group, run it) with soup of the day at 2s; cold buffets - salt beef 9s 6d, chicken and ham 12s 6d; plaice 8s 6d; fillet steak 15s 6d; T-bone 14s 6d. One taster found the scampi and bacon (12s 6d) perfectly enjoyable, but another taster confirmed my view that there isn't 7s 6d worth of speciality in the "special pork sausages." Some excellent cakes on the sweet trolley, all 2s 6d. Carafe wine is 13s 6d and 15s 6d. Bill for two will be around £2 10s to £3, but that is with 10 per cent. added on for service, as Trust Houses nearly always do. No credit cards

SERPENTINE RESTAURANT, Hyde Park, W1 (PAD 8784). Open every day from 12 to 3 and 6 to 11. Not sensational, but pretty enough to eat in. Food goes like this: whitebait 4s 6d, melon 6s, vichy-soisse 2s 6d. Deep fried scampi 12s 6d, gammon steak 10s 6d, rump steak 14s 6d, T-bone 17s 6d (these latter are charcoal-grilled). The speciality of the house is charcoal-grilled poussin with bacon, mushrooms, tomato, shoestring potatoes and devilled sauce (17s 6d) so American tourists should feel no unease. There's also escalopes at 13s 6d and 14s 6d and, glory be, Baked Virginia Ham (13s 6d). Approved goodies: Aunt Mary's Apple Pie (3s) and blackcurrant fool (4s). Carafe wines come around 17s 6d. Expect to pay about £3 10s for two. CREDIT CARDS: American Express, Diners, Fortes

TERRASSE TIO PEPE, 13 Shepherd's Place, Upper Brook Street, W1 (MAY 7892). Open only from Monday to Saturday, alas, from 12 to 3 and 7 to 12 (last orders 11 pm). First-rate French cuisine, whose specialities change from week to week. Regular dishes include the following very good and interesting hors d'oeuvres: terrine (8s 6d), cocktail de fruits de mer (10s 6d). Proceed with the mignons de boeuf Maxim (16s 6d) or the poulet Basquaise (15s 6d). Among their special glories: mousseline de sole, as served at the La Mère Brasier, Lyon, they proudly proclaim. Sweets are around 3s 6d and 4s. But if you have 30 minutes to spare, why not try the soufflé pernod? Why not, indeed! Carafe wines 15s and 16s. Expect to pay around £4 for two. I urge again that the cuisine is good, and the service friendly. And when the weather allows, how enjoyable to sit out of doors, on their terrace, in the middle of Mayfair. CREDIT CARDS: American Express, Diners

AROUND TOWN

TAVERNA MARINA, 9 Dean Street, W1 (GER 6348). Monday to Friday 12-3, Monday to Saturday 6-midnight (last orders). An Italian seafood restaurant which makes a happy change, reasonably priced, ditto. Start off with the mixed seafood soup (7s 6d) or the lobster soup (6s 6d). Spaghetti alla vongole - with shellfish - is never a bad idea (5s 6d). Alla puttanesca - in tunny fish sauce - is perhaps more experimental (4s 6d). And then if you insist, there's always chicken or veal (10s 6d to 12s 6d). But I do recommend the fish specialities: fritto misto (11s 6d); nasello don basilio - hake with mussels, prawns, red wine (10s 6d); salmone amalfitana - in butter, cream, prawns, mushrooms (12s 6d); turbot (12s), trout three ways (10s 6d and 11s 6d). Lobster, frankly, doesn't suit me, so I cannot pronounce. Usual *dolci*, plus a house gâteau (4s). Carafe wines at 12s 6d should bring your bills to not very much more than £3 for two. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express*

PATISSERIE VALERIE, 44 Old Compton Street, W1 (GER 3466). Tea room open Monday to Saturday 10-7. Sandwiches at 1s 6d to 2s are good value. Especially light and delectable are the French pastries at 1s, or 1s 6d made with fresh cream. Tea and coffee both 1s. Friendly service, quiet, regular clientèle. They accept luncheon vouchers

TOP TEN

AU JARDIN DES GOURMETS, French, 5 Greek Street, W1 (GER 1816). Mon-Sat 12.30-2.30. Average bill for two £4 10s-£5. Credit cards: Diners, American Express

BARON OF BEEF, English, Gutter Lane, Gresham Street, EC2 (MON 6961). Mon-Fri 12-3, 5-9.30 (last orders, but licensed to 11). Average bill for two £5 plus. No credit cards, but private accounts arranged

BLOOMS, Kosher, 90 Whitechapel High Street, E1 (BIS 6001), and Golder's Green Road, NW11 (SPE 1338). Mon-Thurs 11 am-10 pm, Fri 1 am-3 pm, Sun 11 am-11.30 pm. Average bill for two 35s. No credit cards

BENTLEY'S, English (fish only), 11-15 Swallow Street, W1 (REG 6210). Mon-Sat 11.30-3, 5.30-11 (Sat 10.30). Last orders 10.45 (Sat 10.15). Average bill for two £2 10s-£5 10s. Credit cards: Diners, American Express.

CAPRICE, French, Arlington Street, W1 (HYD 3183, 5154). Mon-Sat 12.30-3, 6.30 onwards (last orders 11.45). Average bill for two £5 10s. Credit cards. Eurocard

COLOMBINO D'ORO, Italian, 61 Dean Street, W1 (REG 4150, 6875). Every day from 12-3 and 6 (Sun 6.30)-11.30. Average bill for two £4. No credit cards

CRANKS SALAD TABLE, vegetarian, 22 Carnaby Street, W1 (GER 9431). Mon-Fri 11.30-8.30 (coffee from 10). Bill about 13s

YOUNG'S CHINESE RESTAURANT, 13-15 West Street, WC2 (TEM 2322). Open daily 12 noon-12 midnight. Typical main dish, Chinese savoury pastries, two portions 10s-12s. Credit cards: Diners, American Express

WHITE TOWER, Greek, 1 Percy Street, W1 (MUS 8141). Mon-Sat 12.45-3, 6.45-10.30. Average bill for two £5-£6. Credit cards: Diners, American Express

SIMPSONS - IN THE - STRAND, English, 100 the Strand, WC2 (TEM 7131). Mon-Sat, 12-3, 6-10 (booking essential). Average bill for two £3 10s. Credit cards: Eurocard

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NIGHT LIFE

FIRST FIVE: 1 Pair of Shoes. 2 Dolly's. 3 Scotch of St James's. 4 Annabel's. 5 Latin Quarter.

I've never seen anything so un-Latin as the other night at the Latin Quarter when Tommy Trinder opened a year's engagement as cabaret star. Mr Trinder is gloriously English, and he has been exuding his particularly English brand of humour for some years now. He bounces on stage with the confidence and style of a good comedian.

Of course, Tommy Trinder has been around the variety and musical comedy world for years, and he is obviously happy with his formula for success. His material, his delivery, his songs and his little dance are all uncompromisingly Trinder, a combination which obviously met with approval from his first-night audience.

Although the Tolaini Brothers had done a professional job on feeding and watering their audience, not all the customers were soporific. The appearance of that chin followed by Mr T was the starting gun for a great deal of heckling from the floor. I'm sure Tommy Trinder would have been fine just doing his routine, but when those laboured remarks started from the side, he really came alive.

Rolf Harris, the bespectacled Australian, is back for his first-ever cabaret engagement in London, at the Talk of the Town.

With the delicate touch of the professional, he led them on, and on, and then, equally skilfully, demolished them.

It's a mark of the professional that he did this without once losing the sympathy of the audience, or, incidentally, the sympathy of the heckler concerned. It is, I think, quite fair to say that Tommy Trinder really enjoys himself with hecklers. He is never nasty, never rude, and he is always funny.

As you might expect, the whole show leans rather heavily on football's World Cup, what with Mr Trinder being chairman of Fulham FC – but the show is done with a certain glamour and the sketch where he explains the mystique of soccer with the aid of a parade of variously attired showgirls is beautiful tongue in cheek humour.

Talking of beauty, there is a duty to pick out for special mention one of the Latin Quarter showgirls. Her name is Miss Susan Melody. A gentleman of my acquaintance described her as "a right little darling."

Miss Melody has looks and elegance, she has poise and a figure to confuse any computer. A showgirl, I would predict, who simply must go places.

john viner

Just over two months ago, on 31 March, 26-year old Gibraltar-born Elisa Sheriff was a candidate at the last General Election. Now she is singing Eartha Kitt-style songs at L'Hirondelle. Miss Sheriff stood at Fulham against Foreign Secretary Mr Michael Stewart.

SPECTACULARS & CABARETS

EMBASSY, 6 Old Bond Street, W1 (HYD 5275). American Bar open 6.30 pm. Restaurant open 10.30-4 am. Cabaret 1 am. Annual membership 2 guineas. No entrance fee, cover charge of £1. *A la carte* menu about 35s a head plus wine. *Entertainment:* Resident comedian Harry Kane and dancers in "In Town Tonight" with Angela Ryder and Jackie Sands. Dancing

GEORGIAN, Georgian House, Bury Street, St James's, SW1 (WHI 2797). 12.30 pm-3 pm; 5.30-midnight. Annual membership 25s. No entrance fee, cover charge or hostess charge. Whisky 4s. Dinner with wine about £3 a head. *Entertainment:* Cabaret. Hostesses (pussies, not bunnies), dancing to sextet. No sale of toys, flowers, chocolate, lingerie, etc

L'HIRONDELLE, Swallow Street, Piccadilly, W1 (REG 0362). 6 pm-4 am; 12-3 pm lunch. Shows at 2 pm, 10.30 pm, 1.30 am. Three-course dinner, dance, show. 55s (Sat £3). Wine about £2-£2 10s; whisky 4s 6d a measure. *Entertainment:* Floor-show, two bands, hostesses. Currently: Elisa Sheriff, Bob Cole

LE PRINCE, 14-16 Bruton Place, Berkeley Square, W1 (MAY 6354). Rico Dajou's new club. Bar Lounge 6.30 pm-3.30 am. Restaurant 8 pm-4 am. Closed Sun. Floor Show at midnight. Membership 5 guineas a year. *A la carte* dinner 45s. a head. Wines extra. Large menu and wine list. Very luxurious. Selected clientele. *Entertainment:* Dancing to Grisha Farfel, his trumpet and orchestra and to Lord Kitchener and his Calypso Band until 4 am. Floor Show: 25 artists in "Swinging Satellites of 1966"

MEXICAN ROOM, El Sombrero, 142/144 Kensington High Street, W8 (WES 0572). 8 pm to 2 am. Closed Sunday. *A la carte* menu only from 6s to 30s. Cover charge 10s 6d. Wines from 18s 6d to 35s. Whisky 4s 6d. Service charge 10 per cent. Dancing from 8.45 pm to 1 am to El Sombrero Trio. Revue at 11.15 pm. Licensed to 2 am

MR SMITH'S ROOM, Rushey Green, SE6 (HIT 5468). Mon to Thurs: 8.30 pm-2 am. Fri and Sat: 8 pm-3 am. Membership £1 per year. Entrance about 4s 6d except Sat: when 10s. *A la carte* menu about 25s to 30s a head plus wine. *Entertainment:* Blackjack, boule, dice, stakes vary from 5s to £3. Cabaret from 11 pm-midnight. Currently: Until 11 June: Leonard Weir, Judy Moxon, The Silvers. From 13 June: Dinita Bary, The Maljohn Brothers, Mel Williams & John

MURRAY'S CABARET CLUB, Beak Street, Regent Street, W1 (GER 4623 and 3241). 8 pm to 4 am. Dinner till 4 am. Breakfast from 1 am to 4 am. Membership 1 guinea annually. Entrance fee 30s. *A la carte* menu about £2 per head plus wine. Breakfast 12s 6d. Wines at various prices. Whisky £5 19s 6d bottle. Measure 4s. 10 per cent. surcharge. Dancing to two bands. Spectacular floor show with 45 artists "Moonlight and Dew" at 10 pm and 1 am

POOR MILLIONAIRE, 158 Bishopsgate, EC2 (BIS 3311). 7.30 pm-2.30 am. Dinner dance and cabaret 2 guineas. Sat night 2½ guineas. No membership, no cover charge. 10 per cent. service charge. *Entertainment:* Cabaret 9.30-10.30 pm. Currently: "Bric-a-Brac and Bi-carb . . ." starring Mary Millar, Ann Windsor, John Dane, Trevor Griffiths

SHOWBOAT, Lyons Corner House, Trafalgar Square, WC2 (WHI 2781). 8.30 pm to 1 am. Closed Sun. Lavish floor-show at 10.30 to 11.40 pm. No membership, cover or admission charge, 3-course dinner 37s 6d per head plus wines. Dancing from 8.30 pm to 10.30 pm and 11.40 pm to 1 am. Currently: "Exotica" with Barry Kent, Patricia Michaels, Mike Newman, Tim Connor

WINSTON'S, 10 Clifford Street, W1 (REG 5411/2). 10 pm to 4 am. Cabaret at 1.15 am. Annual membership 2 guineas. Cover charge £1. *A la carte* dinner about £3. Whisky 5s. *Entertainment:* Dancing, floor-show and cabaret

DINNER & DANCE

ANNABEL'S, 44 Berkeley Square, W1 (MAY 3558). 6.30 pm for drinks till late. Food from 7.45 pm. Annual membership 12 guineas; temporary or under-25 membership 5 guineas. Dinner, dancing, about £6-£7 a head. Whisky 10s 6d double. Cover for dancing and drinking only, 17s 6d. Discothèque, late dining club

BLAISE'S, 121 Queen's Gate, SW7 (KEN 6228). (Restaurant reservations: KEN 9971.) Opens 9 pm-2.30 am. Membership 2 guineas. Mon-Thurs entrance fee to members until 11 pm. Fri 10s. Sat 10s 6d girls; 12s 6d men. All alcoholic drinks 3s. Food, *à la carte* about £1 per head. Discs, a different live group every night. Roulette 2s 6d min. Blackjack 5s. Chauffeuse available to drive well-known members home

DORCHESTER, Park Lane, W1 (MAY 8888). The Terrace Room 12.30 pm-3 pm; 8.30 pm-1.30 am. Closed Sun. *A la carte* only £4-£5 including wine. Whisky from 3s 9d. Service charge 12½ per cent. Cover charge 2s 6d. *Entertainment:* New Dorchester Music with Albert Marland from 8.30 pm-1.30 am. Licence to 1.30 am. The Grill Room: Midday-3 pm; 6.30 pm-midnight. Whisky from 3s 9d. Service charge 12½ per cent. Cover charge 2s 6d. Licence to midnight

LA PALOMA, 103 Westbourne Grove, W2 (BAY 1910). 8 pm till midnight. Closed Mon. Membership 1 guinea men, 10s ladies. Entrance fee from 3s 6d weekdays to 8s 6d weekends. Entrance free for ladies Tues night. Small menu: Dinner approx 15s a head plus wine. Drinks at pub prices. *Entertainment:* Discothèque. Occasional cabaret. Blackjack, roulette 2s 6d to £5. Supper licence till midnight

ROOF RESTAURANT, Hilton Hotel, Park Lane, W1 (HYD 8000). Roof bar: Mon-Sat 11 am to 3 pm, 5.30 pm to 11 pm. Sun noon to 2 pm, 7 pm to 10.30 pm. Restaurant: 12.30-3 pm; 7 pm-1 am. Closed Sunday. *A la carte* only £3 to £4 a head with wine. Whisky 6s. Cover charge 12s 6d. Service charge 12½ per cent. French cuisine. *Entertainment:* Dancing in the evenings only to Judd Solo and his band. Décor by Sir Hugh Casson. The restaurant has a magnificent view over London

TIBERIO, 22 Queen Street, W1 (MAY 3561). Midday-3 pm lunch. (Not Sat.) 7 pm-3.30 am dinner. *A la carte* approx £3 per head plus wine. Cover charge 2s 6d. No service charge. Dancing from 11.30 pm till 3.30 am to Olavo Vas and his Group. Licensed till 3 am

DISCOTHEQUES

BIRDLAND, 4 Duke of York Street, SW1 (WHI 1648). 8 pm-4 am. Membership: 4 guineas a year men, 2 guineas ladies. Entrance fee: men 7s 6d; ladies, Mon to Thurs free, Fri to Sun 7s 6d. Full resturant specialising in Caribbean dishes. Dinner approx 23s plus wine. *Entertainment:* Special American guest artists and groups perform once monthly. Dancing to discs

CLUB EUROPA, 251 Finchley Road, NW3 (HAM 5437). 8 pm till midnight. Strictly European Club. Closed Mon. Membership, 1 guinea men, 10s ladies. Entrance fee from 3s 6d weekdays to 8s 6d weekends. Tue: free. Drinks at pub prices. No food. Licensed till 11 pm. Dancing to discothèque

DIE FLEDERMAUS, 7 Carlisle Street, W1 (REG 5741). 8 pm-3 am every night. Membership: £1 a year men, 10s girls. Entrance fee: men 7s 6d, girls, Mon to Thurs free, Fri to Sun 7s 6d. Specialises in Scandinavian and German clientele. Party night, Tuesday all drinks 1s 6d. Dancing to discs and trio

DOWNSTAIRS, May Fair Hotel, Berkeley Street, W1 (MAY 7777). 10.30 pm-2.30 am. No membership. Entrance 10s (Sat £1). Includes free snacks, sandwiches, etc. Double whisky 7s, gin 6s 6d, champagne £2 5s. *Entertainment:* 3 bands

EARL'S CAVE, 97 Earls Court Road, W8 (FRO 1999). 8 pm-1 am. Closed Mon. Membership 21s men, 10s ladies per year. Entrance: weekend, guests 7s 6d men, 6s ladies. Members 5s men, 4s ladies. Less during the week. Licensed till midnight. Light snacks served. Drinks: Scotch 2s 6d. Tue: Free wine between 8 and 9 pm. Wed: Drinks at half-price till 10 pm. *Entertainment:* Boule, 2s 6d min, £1 max. Blackjack, 5s min, £5 max. Discothèque dancing

FANNY'S BISTRO, 51 Maddox Street, W1 (MAY 6214). 7.30 pm till 3 am. Non-membership cover charge 2s 6d. Minimum charge 1 guinea which can include light supper dish and four drinks. Full *à la carte* dinner menu. Drinks at pub prices. *Entertainment:* Discothèque dancing

SCOTCH OF ST JAMES'S, 13 Mason's Yard, Duke Street, SW1 (TRA 6109). 10.30 pm-4 am. Annual membership 5 guineas. Overseas and country members 2 guineas. Entrance 10s members and first guest, £1 guests thereafter. Grills menu about £1 a head till 3.30 am. Drinks, single 5s. Bar closes 3 am, drinks stop 3.30 am. If the scene is right they revel on. *Entertainment:* Resident groups. The VIPs, The Chavelles, Loose Ends. Impromptu performances by famous clientèle

THE 007, Hilton Hotel, Park Lane, W1 (HYD 8000). 6.30 pm-2 am. Closed Sun. No entrance fee. Service charge 12½ per cent. Minimum food charge after 11 pm 10s 6d. Light supper from 11 pm from 13s 6d. Whisky 6s. Goldfinger cocktail 7s. Discothèque and a band from 9 am

GAMING

CHARLIE CHESTER CASINO, 12 Archer Street, W1 (GER 7045). Open 24 hours. Life membership 2 guineas, 10s session charge. Blackjack, Las Vegas, dice and roulette. Limits 2s 6d and £200. Restaurant and licensed bar

COLONY SPORTING CLUB, Berkeley Square, W1 (MAY 1657). Open for medium-priced lunch 12.30-3 pm. Gaming starts at 5.30 pm and closes when play ends. Membership, 2 guineas a year. American roulette, blackjack, craps, Punto-banco. Stakes vary from 2s to £100. Licensed restaurant, *à la carte* menu approximately £2 a head plus wine. Orchestra. Dancing from 9 pm till 3 am. Licensed till 3 am

CURZON HOUSE, 20-23 Curzon Street, W1 (HYD 3581). All round the clock. Membership compulsory and very exclusive. 10 guineas a year. Prospective members vetted before joining. Blackjack, chemin de fer, gin rummy, kalooki, poker, bridge, roulette, American roulette, craps and baccarat. Limits vary. Good restaurant

THE ESTABLISHMENT, 18 Greek Street, W1 (GER 8111). Gambling starts 11 pm. Membership 2 guineas a year. Blackjack, poker and roulette. Minimum and maximum limits, 5s and £5. Bar open from 7 pm. Drinking till midnight in the gaming room. Food served 8 pm-3 am. Dancing on first floor and in basement. Licensed until 3 am

GOLDEN NUGGET, 32 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (REG 6211). Midday till the last member leaves. Membership 21s a year. Blackjack, kalooki, dice, chemin de fer, poker, roulette, baccarat, pontoon and chuck-a-luck. Limits vary 1s to £50. Restaurant and also a licensed bar

HAMILTON CLUB, 2 Hamilton Place, W1 (GRO 2591). Open all the time but bridge starts about 2 pm. Annual membership, 8 guineas. Mainly bridge but some poker is played. Minimum stakes 1s, maximum 10s rise. Bar with normal licensing hours. Light food available but also a proper restaurant

THE NIGHTINGALE, 28 Berkeley Square, W1 (GRO 1633). Midday until the end of play (usually 6 am). Membership fee. Kalooki, bridge and stud poker. First-class cuisine in Ian's Room downstairs or brought to the table. Fully licensed until 3 am

OLYMPIC CASINO, 79 Queensway, W2 (BAY 2163). Gaming starts 5 pm. Membership 2 guineas a year. Baccarat, blackjack, chemin de fer, American and French roulette, dice, poker. Stakes vary. Never go below 5s on roulette and can go very high. Bar in the restaurant but only soft drinks in the casino. Coffee, sandwiches served in the gaming hall. Champagne buffet for members Tue and Fri

ROOM AT THE TOP, High Road, Ilford. Essex (ILF 5588). 3 pm to close of play. Membership, 1 guinea a year. Joint membership £1 10s a year. Members' car park, private lift. Roulette, chemin de fer, baccarat, blackjack, American dice. Private card room. Stakes vary, from 2s to £100. Fully licensed. Restaurant. Dinner £1 10s, or excellent *à la carte*. Membership of the Sporting Club, Knightsbridge, automatically confers membership of Room at the Top

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GOOD DRINKING

In an age of brewery amalgamations and take-overs, and top-heavy administration of the nation's drinking, it's heartening to find a pub that's flourishing under private ownership and enterprise.

The King's Arms stands back from the road at Stirling Corner, on the Barnet by-pass. It is a huge, timbered place, and undoubtedly one of the best pubs in the London area. Two years ago, when a private company took it over, it was rather lack-lustre, with outside toilets and fairly utilitarian amenities. Then company chairman and managing director Reginald Arbiter began drastic renovation. He "gutted" it inside, leaving virtually only a shell standing. The private, public and saloon bars went. Now, there is one large, carpeted bar, leading to an immaculate dining-room – and exquisite food.

Despite his company titles, Reg Arbiter is very much a typical London pub "guv'nor," with a ready welcome and hospitality for people who live nearby, and others who think nothing of driving from Birmingham for an evening's eating and drinking.

Tourists visiting Portimao, a fishing village in the Algarve area of Portugal, have made their "local" the bar-boutique run by British couple Ruth and John Dennis.

Reg, who is now 49, was a hotel wines and spirits merchant for close on 30 years before taking over the pub, where he has a staff of 32. It's difficult to define the success ingredients which have been instilled into the place. The surroundings are elegantly comfortable, without being plush. The barmen skilfully catch your eye as you enter, and draw you to them for instant service. Diplomacy is evident, an understandable quality here, considering one of the three company directors is Panamanian Ambassador Eusebio à Morales.

Mingling with guests are Reg and wife Helen. They have a genuine willingness to please . . . even to the extent of sending their own chauffeur-driven car to pick up a customer whose car broke down as he was heading for the pub.

Besides all this, Reg Arbiter can talk endlessly – without boring – on a wide variety of subjects, especially Port.

john mcleod

The Rugby Tavern is on the corner of Rugby Street and Great James's Street and belongs to Rugby School. Its restaurant is packed at lunch times, testifying to the quality of the food. So it is best to book a table (HOL 0501).

RUNNING HORSE, 50 Davies Street, W1. MAY 6896. Solid, wooden-walled pub just south of Oxford Street, where the occasional debby secretary mingles with gin and tonic executives, and white-collar people from nearby offices look in for a homeward drink. Newcomers and casual passers-by are attracted by the cricket bats, signed by England and Australian Test teams, which hang behind the bar. Excellent restaurant upstairs, well-filled at lunch time

THE ROUND HOUSE, 1 Garrick Street, WC2. TEM 2022. They have a very high food standard, with elegant tables unobtrusively placed round the room. There is also a quality range of snacks available at the bar. Ideal pre-theatre pub for people heading for an evening's entertainment in and around the area. And equally commendable for after-the-show discussion and drinking.

THE ORDNANCE ARMS, 29 Ordnance Hill, St John's Wood, NW8. PRI 6143. If you're heading for the nearby Tube station, you may find your journey delayed if you look in. Particularly if you dally in the small, cool, saloon bar, where you can linger and drink in comfort. Snacks to hand at any time

OLD SWAN, 16 Battersea Church Road, SW11. BAT 7152. Hard on the river's edge. You would almost think you were aboard ship as you look out from the discreetly decorated, nautical-theme bar. The variety of model ships, prints and lamps is not overdone. If you stay there long enough, you'll see a complete, passing panorama of river traffic. And beware staring over-hard at the barges moored below They rise and fall on the gentle swell a little too regularly to help the head stay clear

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND, 135 Earls Court Road, SW5. FRE 5703. Ideally situated for Colonial cousins newly arrived in London, and congregating in the Earls Court area. They stock Swan lager and Canadian Club. The smallish, single bar has been renovated, but the contemporary décor complements, somehow, the retained oak panelling

THE CANONBURY TAVERN, Canonbury Place, N1. CAN 1881. An attractive backwater for drinkers in the heart of residential Canonbury, with well-known London names mingling with television and theatrical people from the Tower Theatre across the street. There are cool gardens where families can gather in fine weather, and forget they are not far from the heart of the city.

BALLET

A dancer making her début in a particular role is an exciting occasion for the balletgoer: a double-début, more so. But what of the dancer? Ironically, any excitement she might have had is ultimately kindled by nerves and apprehension, only to be preceded by weeks of brooding over the part to be danced.

Yet not so at Covent Garden on 28 May, when Jennifer Penney and Robert Mead danced Titania and Oberon, respectively, for the first time in Ashton's romantic ballet, *The Dream*. For a start, there wasn't time to worry or brood, both dancers being given just *one week* before the actual performance to learn their part.

But as Titania, Jennifer Penney has shaped the role into something intensely poignant and tender, a Fairy Queen whose unseemly quarrel with Oberon is inevitably destined to turn out for the best in the end. Although her overall meaning lyricism was once or twice marred by a slight stiffness of the back, this never for one moment detracted from her beautiful line, her quiet presence or her immaculate dancing. Each was wrought from the other and fused into this thing called "star quality."

In this role, Miss Penney follows in the footsteps of two of the Royal Ballet's finest virtuoso dancers, Antoinette Sibley and Merle Park, and in doing so manages to create an interpretation of amazing individuality. And, not being one for "forcing" her dancing or acting, she simply let her own natural charm project in such a way that was as compellingly attractive as it was appropriate to the part.

Oberon was created just over two years ago by Anthony Dowell. Now Robert Mead dances the role, but he lacks Dowell's stamina, lightness and precision – yet in all fairness this was almost certainly due to being under-rehearsed. His particular dance-style, though, makes him ill-suited as a partner for Miss Penney: and partnering technique is something to which Mead needs to pay particular attention, especially catching his partner after jumps.

For his partner, though, 28 May was a major triumph. If ever Jennifer Penney has assured us that she is the bright star of tomorrow's Royal Ballet, then this performance confirmed it.

ian woodward

DISCS

FIRST FIVE: 1 Got My Mojo Workin', Jimmy Smith (Verve VLP 9123). 2 Motown Magic, Collection (Tamla-Motown TML 11030). 3 Genuine Dud, Dudley Moore Trio (Decca LK 4788). 4 Otis Blue, Otis Redding (Atlantic ATL 5048). 5 My Name is Barbra, Two, Barbra Streisand (CBS BPG 62603).

Mike Vickers was the quiet, fair-haired one with Manfred Mann's group, the one who, on stage, usually had several instruments strung round his neck. In a group that already rather self-consciously prided itself on its brain power and its musical ability, Mike was the virtuoso: he can play – perhaps not to the very highest standards, but a lot better than the average dance band musician – tenor and baritone saxophones, flute, clarinet, vibraphone, guitar, and piano.

Six months ago he left Manfred to accept an offer to write the score for a film – *The Sandwich Man*, with, as they say, a host of stars, including Michael Bentine. But as soon as he'd gone he realised that there was another, much deeper, reason.

"I'd written a few pieces while I was with the group, but it was hard to find the time to concentrate. One of them was recorded by John Dankworth and became the title music for the TV series *Search For A Star*. Suddenly, when I found I'd got weeks on end stretching out in front of me, with nothing in prospect except writing music, I found this was what I wanted, what my life was all about."

Lord Montagu, having abandoned his jazz festival at Beaulieu, is now replacing it with an August folk festival starring Julie Felix, the Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem.

In fact, writing had been his aim when he came up to London, fresh from a Southampton dance band, with £50 in his pocket. But £50 didn't go far, music publishers didn't want to know about young writers with a leaning towards guitar-based, big-band jazz, and when Manfred Mann offered him a job he hadn't much choice about accepting. But as it happened, he couldn't have been taken on by a group that suited his talents better. Throughout the three years he worked with them he was able to develop the range of his playing, and to try out some of his instrumental sounds on live audiences.

The result is that today his arrangements are an interesting complex of styles. Following his first film – a gruelling five-session stint – he was immediately signed up for another. John Burgess, one of the ex-EMI men who set up independently, is giving him work. So probably, will *Ready, Steady, Go!*

"It's meant a big drop in money initially," he says. "But who wants to be a 40-year-old pop singer?"

leonard levesley

RECORD REVIEW BY ATHOL GUY

Athol, bass playing member of the Seekers, was born in Melbourne. He switched to bass after studying piano for six years, while at Melbourne Boys' High School. During his early teens, Athol acquired an interest in folk music, and began playing regularly in a number of Melbourne coffee lounges. Eventually, he teamed up with the other three Seekers and their folk-flavoured act was launched. "Sunday Night at the Palladium" and "Call In On Carroll" were the two English television shows which really put the Seekers on the road to success over here. They were the first artists to sign up with Tom Springfield's recording company and hit the number one spot with their first song, "I'll Never Find Another You."

Cannonball Adderley Live! (EMI. T 2399)
Little Boy With The Sad Eyes. Work Song. Sweet Georgia Bright . . . The Song My Lady Sings. Theme
I like this LP mainly because it has the original version of Work Song *on it. There have been plenty of other versions – but none as good as the Adderley original*

Chris Rayburn. (EMI. PMC 7001)
The Mood I'm In. Say, Do You Mean It. Once Upon A Time. It Amazes Me. Another Night Alone. I Got It Bad And That Ain't Good. Sweet Pussycat. I Wanna Be In Love Again. I Know Why. The Right To Love. Bye-bye
Chris is very talented, newish girl singer who I have met and admire very much. She puts a lot of feeling into her version of Another Night Alone *on this album*

P J Proby . . . In Town. (Liberty 1291)
What Kind Of Fool Am I? To Make A Big Man Cry. No Other Love. Walk Hand In Hand.

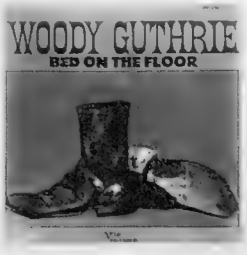
People. It Ain't Necessarily So. Some Enchanted Evening. Come Back To Me. We Kiss In A Shadow. If I Ruled The World. Maria. I Could Write A Book
A great album. This guy is so talented . . . what a pity that things went wrong for him in England. It ain't necessarily so *is immaculate*

Beach Boys' Party. (EMI ST 2398)
Hully Gully. I Should Have Known Better. Tell Me Why. Pap-oom-mow-mow. Mountain Of Love. You've Got To Hide Your Love Away. Devoted To You. Alley Oop. There's No Other. I Get Around. Little Deuce Coupé. The Times They Are A Changin'. Barbara Ann
The Beach Boys are the group whose talent should have put them where the Beatles are today. It's a pity that they are only being appreciated here now. Brian Wilson's recording technique is beautiful and he writes some really great songs, like Help Me Rhonda. *The Beach Boys are my favourite pop group*

Hobo Flats. Jimmy Smith. (Verve 9039)
Hobo Flats. Blueberry Hill. Walk Right In. Trouble In Mind. The Preacher. Meditation. I Can't Stop Loving You
Jimmy Smith is an incredible organist. And there is so much atmosphere on Hobo Flats, *that I wish I could have been there when the album was recorded. Jimmy Smith rates amongst my very favourite artists*

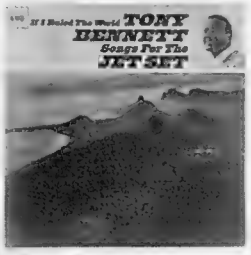
Bed On The Floor. Woody Guthrie. (Verve 5008)
Baltimore To Washington. Little Black Train. Who's Going To Shoe Your Pretty Feet? Slip Knot. Poor Boy. Mean Talking Blues. Stepstone. Bed On The Floor. Little Darling. Miner's Song. Train Blues. Danville Girl. Ride Old Paint
To me, Guthrie is Guthrie and that is that. This guy has seen it all – hardships and good times. Train Blues *makes intriguing listening – his words are like poetry*

Soul And Inspiration. The Righteous Brothers. (Verve 9131)
Soul And Inspiration.



He Will Break Your Heart. Stand By. In The Midnight Hour. I'm Leaving It Up To You. Turn On Your Love Light. Hey Girl. Mine All Mine. A Change Is Gonna Come. Bring It On Home To Me. The Rat Race
Bill Medley, has, in my opinion, by far the most emotional voice I have ever heard. Wish I could sing like him! The actual Soul And Inspiration *track walks hand in hand with their big* Lovin' Feeling *hit as being about the best pop record ever produced*

Songs For The Jet Set. Tony Bennett. (CBS BPG 62544)
Song Of The Jet. Fly Me To The Moon. How Sensitive. If I ruled The World. Love Scene. My Ship. Then Was Then And Now Is Now. Sweet Lorraine. The Right To Love. Watch What Happens. All My Tomorrows. Lazy Afternoon
This is a beautiful LP just to listen to late at night. It's sort of dreamy. There are some beautiful arrangements by Don Costa



TELEVISION

FIRST FIVE: 1 We Don't Often Lose A Boffin, play (18 June, ITV, 10.15 pm). 2 Perry Mason, new season (19 June, BBC-1, 7.25 pm). 3 Wimbledon tennis (20 June, BBC-1 and BBC-2, from 1.35 pm). 4 Brief Encounter, film (21 June, BBC-1, 8 pm). 5 Adam Adamant, comedy thriller series (23 June, BBC-1, 8 pm).

Executives of one of the larger ITV companies are mulling over the vague conclusions reached at a recent – and confidential – policy conference. Its theme, raised by the personal early warning system of a few far-sighted officials, was the latest threat to television: cinemas.

The traditional black cloud, it should be added, is no larger than a single ticket for the circle. Threat? One gets a ludicrous picture of the dragon making a final-round comeback and clobbering St George. But the truth is that while television, to some extent, remains a licence to print money, the printing press shows signs of developing some worrying tremors and squeaks.

In Australia, for instance, that cloud is larger – at least the size of a new two-storey, £2 million cinema block being built in Melbourne, to house three different theatres. During the past 18 months, four new cinemas have been opened alongside nearly a score already in business.

Man behind the project, circuit general manager Doug Turnbull, says that over there, films are experiencing their biggest revival since the advent of talkies. He adds flatly: "People have just got tired of television."

To be fair, Australian television has less to offer than the UK brand. This has not prevented concern among a small group of television men. They feel that, in some modified form, it could happen here. And "it" has arrived at a time of tougher competition. BBC-2 is growing out of the joke stage colour television can do the Corporation no harm and BBC-1 is jostling ITV in the TAM ratings.

The defence, of course, is almost as gruesome as the attack. It lies, quite simply, in improving the product. A much esteemed freelance director told me: "Only a fool would deny that we could do things much better, given more time, more money, and more pride."

Conversation on my commuter train today was about *Morgan* and *Alfie*. Once it would have been tied to the previous night's viewing at home. The passengers in the 9.10 to Waterloo had a message for the television men: soon, somebody, somewhere, will be forced to listen . . .

peter magnus

Joanna Dunham and Adam Faith hold Derek Francis (left) at gunpoint in "In the Night," one of Rediffusion's "Seven Deadly Sins" play series, to be seen on 13 June.

"Confound Their Politics," closing episode of the first season of "The Power Game" (ITV), finally reaches the screen next week. The story was postponed – because of its political implications – at General Election time.

WEEKEND VIEWING

SATURDAY 11 JUNE

Afternoon film: *Don Quixote*, a Russian film, dubbed in English, with Nikolai Cherkassov in the title role. BBC-2

Coverage of Wightman Cup at Wimbledon – England v USA. BBC-2

Second instalment of *The Likely Lads* with Rodney Bewes and James Bolam. A comedy adventure about two Northern lads. This episode is entitled "Friends and Neighbours." BBC-2

The Sport Scene. Linked by David Vine, who introduces the highlights of the Wightman Cup, the seven-a-side Rugby League at Headingley and the Tour of Britain cycling event ending at Blackpool. BBC-2

Michelangelo the Divine is the story of the famous painter, sculptor and poet. Patrick Wymark speaks Michelangelo's own words, taken from family correspondence, and reads some of the stormy letters written when he was working on the Sistine Chapel ceiling. Written and produced by Christopher Burstall. BBC-2

Trooping the Colour. Commentator Ian Trethowan and arranged by John Vernon. BBC-1

Grandstand includes racing from Newmarket, the Wightman Cup, Rugby League from Headingley and swimming – England v Hungary – at Coventry. BBC-1

Quick Before They Catch Us. Second episide is called "Mark of Distinction," by George F Kerr. The hero is enrolled, after passing a stiff intelligence test, by a private detective and asked to investigate the actions of a young crook who has been distributing forged stamps. BBC-1

Evening Western: *Dragoon Wells Massacre* with Barry Sullivan, Dennis O'Keefe, Mona Freeman and Katy Jurado. Made in 1957, the film tells of a small group of white people who are trapped in the Arizona Desert at the mercy of marauding Apaches who have wiped out a military patrol. BBC-1

Not Only . . . But Also with Peter Cooke and Dudley Moore. Guest star is Emily Yancy. BBC-1

The Troubleshooters: *The Fires of Hell* with Geoffrey Keen, Ray Barrett and Philippa Gail. A voyage on a tanker becomes a nightmare when threats are made to blow up the ship. BBC-1

American film series: *Arrest And Trial* illustrates the workings of American law. BBC-1

World of Sport: Cricket: Sussex v West Indies; Richmond Royal Horse Show; racing from Sandown; Athletics from Chiswick; and professional wrestling from Morecambe, Lancs. ITV 1.10

Evening film: *Flight Nurse* with Joan Leslie and Forrest Tucker. The story tells of the courageous women of a little known branch of the service who performed heroic deeds behind the lines and on the battlefield of Korea. ITV 7.10

Frankie Vaughan Show: Guest Stars are Millicent Martin and Peter Goodwright. ITV 8.35

Knock on Any Door: *Laugh at the Dark Question* with John Bennett, Peter Sallis and Amanda Grinling. Something curious has gone wrong at the Ministry of Scientific Development and the question is: sabotage or carelessness? ITV 10.15

A Date With . . . The King Brothers. ITV 11.45

SUNDAY 12 JUNE

International Cavaliers XI v Essex XI at Brentwood. BBC-2

Concert at Kenwood House, Hampstead, is called *The Seasons at Kenwood*, a film essay with no commentary. Music by V[illegible]aldi. With Alan Loveday, violin, G[illegible]orge Malcolm, harpsichord. Direc[illegible]d by Neville Marriner and produc[illegible]d by Francis Coleman. BBC-2

Theatre 625: *Marianne* by [illegible]arry Green, from the novel of the [illegible]same name by Rhys Davis. Stars [illegible]erys Hughes, Jan Edwards and [illegible]erry Palmer. A powerful and [illegible]agic story of twins: Marianne, t[illegible] extrovert and Barbara, the [illegible]quiet one. Marianne becomes pr[illegible]nant and dies in childbirth. B[illegible]bara finds the man who has de[illegible]rted her and determines to fin[illegible] revenge – her first plan is to [illegible]arry him. BBC-2

Life: Dr Maurice Burton [illegible]alks about toads. BBC-2

Belgian Grand Prix. Covera[illegible]e of the start of the race with a [illegible]ommentary direct from the c[illegible]rcuit by Raymond Baxter. BBC-1

Feature Film: *Fighting Se[illegible]bees* with John Wayne. BBC-1

Meeting Point: *The Biggest F[illegible]mily in the World* is the title of a programme about Dr Barn[illegible]rdo's Homes.

Evening film: *Lost Weekend* with Ray Milland and Jane Wym[illegible]n. It tells of a drunken writer. BBC-1

Norman Vaughan Show. Guests Maggie Fitzgibbon and Joe Henderson (pianist)

Sunday Night, arts programme: repeat of *Debussy*, an award-winning film by Ken Russell, about the strange circle that surrounded Debussy during his lifetime. Oliver Reed plays Debussy. Dialogue by Melvyn Bragg. BBC-1

Afternoon film: *Assignment Redhead* with Richard Denning and Carole Mathews. ITV, 4.05

The Walker Brothers, The Myrons and Les Amaros are guest stars on the Palladium show. ITV 8.25

Evening film: *The Searchers* with John Wayne, Jeffrey Hunter, Ward Bond, Vera Miles and Natalie Wood. ITV, 9.25

SPORT

Soon after he recovered from the heart attack that nearly killed him two years ago, Peter Sellers moved athletically around his New York hotel room and talked to me not about show business, but the exercises of the Royal Canadian Air Force. It was a programme of these exercises, he said, that had brought him from a hospital bed back to a fitness he had never known before his illness. What did these incredible exercises consist of, I inquired? But by then a car from the New York police had arrived to take us downtown to a police ball and we had to leave before Sellers could explain further.

When I returned to London I made up my mind to get hold of a copy of the exercises, and a few weeks ago I caught up with them again in the person of Tony Hancock's brother Roger. As he works on the top floors of an office in St James's I thought he was merely insuring himself against the lift breaking down. Not so. It was just a general boredom of being unfit that made him take the advice of his actress wife Annie and get up 11 minutes earlier every morning to keep up with the active service Canadians.

The Second Test Match between West Indies and England starts at Lord's on Thursday, 16 June.

He has now been doing the exercises for 48 days and, combined with a diet that forbids eating bread or potatoes, has lost over a stone. It was he, by the way, who pointed out you can buy the magic exercises for 2s 6d from Penguin Books under the deceptively simple title of *Physical Fitness*.

If you cannot get it in the shops, just ring up Penguin at SKYport 1984. They report that after a slow start when they first published it two years ago the sales are now picking up incredibly. Personally, I think these are the best exercises for any City dweller yet devised. Very simple, they consist of a series of basic exercises, touching toes, running on spot etc, the number of which are increased every few days although still taking the basic 11 minutes. It takes about three months to get yourself up to a peak fitness. When you have achieved this you need only exercise two or three times a week.

Roger Hancock records: "After two weeks your calves are apt to feel a bit weak. And after a month my Achilles tendons hurt a bit. Now, though, I'm all right. I think the best thing about doing these physical exercises is the mental alertness it adds."

michael wale

Even Borough Councils are laying down croquet lawns these days. After years of a Vicar and tea-party image the game is being taken up by computer-age workers. Roehampton, seen above, has even started a business league so that people can play competitive croquet in the evening.

CRICKET
Old England XI v Lord's Taverners. Sat 11.30 am. Lord's, St John's Wood. (Bakerloo Line to St John's Wood. Buses: 2, 2a, 13, 59a, 74, 74a, 74b, 113, 159, 187.) One-day match in light-hearted vein
Surrey v Kent. The Oval. Sat, Mon, Tues 11.30 am each day. (Northern Line to Oval)
Surrey v Cambridge University. Wed, Thurs. The Oval. 11.30 am each day
Second Test Match. England v West Indies. Lord's. St. John's Wood. Five-day match starts Thurs 11.30 am
WOMEN'S CRICKET
Redoubtables v South Nutfield. Sat 2.30 pm. Beddington Park, Wallington. (Trains from Victoria to Hackbridge. Buses 403, 408, 470. Green Line coach 725)
London University v Redoubtables. Wed 6.30 pm. Motspur Park. (Trains Waterloo-Motspur Park)
FLAT RACING
Sandown Park. Fri, Sat 2 pm. (Trains from Waterloo to Esher. Green Line coach 715 from Oxford Circus passes course. By car A3 London-Portsmouth Road). London's most beautiful course
Ascot. Royal Meeting. Tues, Wed, Thurs 2 pm each day. (Train Waterloo-Ascot. Green Line coach 701 from Victoria coach station. By car A329 Virginia Water-Reading road passes course.) Big races. Tues: Ascot Stakes; Wed: Royal Hunt Cup; Thurs: Gold Cup. This is Britain's best and most socially conscious race meeting of the season. If you don't like horses just look at the ladies' hats
GREYHOUND RACING
White City. Sat, Thurs 7.45 pm. First-round heats of Greyhound Derby worth £7,000; 48 dogs start knock-out competition to reach final. (Central Line to White City. Buses 71, 72, 105, 220, 268.) Admission 12s 6d, 6s 6d, 4s 6d, including race-card. Car parking for 1,000 cars. Excellent restaurant, from which you view racing and lay bets at table. Reservations phone: SHE 5544
Wembley. Mon 7.45 pm (also Fri same time). Gold Cup. 700 yards. (Bakerloo and Metropolitan Lines to Wembley Park. Buses: 18, 46, 83, 92.) Admission 7s, 4s, including race-card. Car parking for 3,000 cars. Good restaurant with betting at table. Also cocktail bar. Reservations: WEM 1234. Closed circuit television
BOXING
Empire Pool, Wembley. Tues 7.30 pm. World flyweight championship: Walter McGowan (Scotland) v Salvador Burruni (Italy). Also full supporting bill. (Bakerloo and Metropolitan Lines to Wembley Park)
ROWING
Metropolitan Centenary Regatta. Putney. Sun noon. (District Line to Putney Bridge.) Provincial crews join Londoners in important all-day competition.
ATHLETICS
Kinnaird Trophy Meeting. Sat 2 pm. Polytechnic Stadium, Chiswick. (District Line to Chiswick Park.) Meeting includes finish of the 26-mile Windsor-Chiswick Polytechnic marathon.
MOTOR-CYCLING
Brands Hatch. Sat 2 pm. Clubman's races. (Trains from Victoria-Swanley. By car on the A20, 20 miles SE of London between Swanley and Wrotham)
MOTOR RACING
Brands Hatch. Sun 2 pm. Thames Estuary CC and Mid-Surrey AC Clubman's races. (Travel same as above)
GYMNASTICS
National Recreation Centre. Crystal Palace. Sat 1.30 pm. Vaulting and agility championships. (Trains from Victoria and London Bridge to Crystal Palace.) Good bar, parking and restaurant facilities. No dogs allowed in Centre
SWIMMING
Kent ASA championships. Sat 2.30 pm and 6.30 pm. Crystal Palace National Recreation Centre. (Travel same as above)
GOLF
Dak's women's championships. Tues-Thurs 9.30 am. Wentworth Golf Course, Virginia Water. (Trains Waterloo-Virginia Water)
HORSE SHOW
Royal Richmond Show. Fri 9.15 am. Sat 9 am. Displays, jumping competitions etc both days. Athletic Ground, Richmond. (Trains Waterloo-Richmond. District Line to Richmond. Turn right outside station, then 5 minutes' walk to ground)
TENNIS
London Grass Court championships. Queen's Club. Mon and all week 2 pm each day. (District or Piccadilly Lines to Baron's Court)
SPEEDWAY
Hackney v Oxford. Hackney. Fri 8 pm. (Buses 6, 6a, 6b, 30, 178 to Hackney Wick)
Wimbledon v West Ham. Sat 7.45 pm. (District Line to Wimbledon or train Waterloo-Wimbledon)
West Ham v Wimbledon. Tues 7.45 pm. (District Line to Plaistow then express bus)

NEXTWEEKNEXTWEEK

LONDON: DOES IT REALLY SWING?

London Life's experts round up the views of observers and of the swingers themselves

DOES IT REALLY SWING?

For you? for everyone? see what

london life

has to say about it

NEXTWEEKNEXTWEEK

LONDON: WHO ARE THE FLAMENCO DANCERS?

There are some surprises in store as

london life

talks to some of London's leading Spanish dancers

LONDON: WHAT STARTS OFF IN COLOUR AND COMES OUT BLACK AND WHITE?

London Life brings you the first colour pictures of TV's Palladium Show photographed for colour television. Plus the behind-the-scenes story of a prestige event

PLUS PLUS PLUS

a 12-page pull-out supplement, giving a complete run-down on London for the tourist or resident, showing everywhere, everything everyone needs for a week-end or a week, or longer, enjoying London

NEXTWEEKNEXTWEEK

london life

PROPERTY

£75,000 appears, on the face of things, to be quite a large sum to part with in exchange for a country house in Wiltshire. But the future owner (you have until 15 June, when it will be auctioned) will be acquiring a beautiful 14th-century building, a classic example of Renaissance architecture, in a superb state of preservation (restoration work carried out recently by experts) and set in private parkland of 56 acres. It is a true medieval house with the hall going the full height of the building, a picture gallery, stately rooms, stone mullions, private chapel, east and west wings and Italian-style gardens.

You amble idly through nine bedrooms; footsteps echo throughout six connecting reception rooms as you tramp the stone slab floors; the exposed oak beams and pine-panelled library add to the stark austerity of a dignified Elizabethan house that exudes an atmosphere of gracious country living, where servants are housed in one wing and house guests in another. At a cost of £100 per year shooting can be laid on over Upham Farm estate; hunting with the Craven foxhounds; racing at Newbury and trout fishing on the Kennet. As Lord of the Manor you enjoy the life of a century ago combined with the modern amenities of central heating and M4 motorways, modern kitchens *and* vacant possession. Taylor & Tester, 3 King Street, East Grinstead (Tel. 24478) are handling the sale of Upham House, Aldbourne, Wiltshire, for further inquiries.

Left: Upham House, Aldbourne, a beautifully restored Elizabethan house. Right: This freehold 18th-century house in the heart of London is for sale at £15,500.

Away from it all

Milk Wood is a small three-acre spinney tucked away in a charming Welsh village called Laugharne in Carmarthenshire. It has been made famous by Dylan Thomas's poem *Under Milk Wood*. The poet is reputed to have found his source of inspiration for the poem from these three acres of woodland under the hill. Literary American tourists and fervent admirers of Thomas clamber over hedgerows and ditches in an effort to duplicate emotions that he felt when he came to writing the poem. Father E M Phillips, Rector of St. Gregory's Catholic Church, Northampton, who lived in the house adjoining Milk Wood remembers how "Dylan Thomas used to call on us and it was always believed that our woodland was the one which inspired *Milk Wood*." Both the house and spinney are now being sold for about £7,500 – the view over the Bay of Carmarthen from the small 19th-century house is staggering and as a haven of peace and quiet the property would ideally suit a prolific writer, a couple exhausted by their pursuit of London pleasure or someone convinced that evasion of reality is the only answer. Knight, Frank & Rutley are the estate agents.

Potential development

Back to business with the problem of making money. Why not buy a freehold site of nine acres and a building licence to build a motor hotel on the A1 in Bedford. £60,000 will allow you to build 50 double hotel rooms, a restaurant, tennis court, swimming pool and car park on a roundabout at the Biggleswade bypass 40 miles from London, and actually own everything at the end of it. Biggleswade is a good spot for attracting the heavy A1 traffic from Cambridge, Birmingham and Northampton and there is, apparently, "a keen demand for hotel and overnight accommodation." Robert Snodgrass, chartered architect and planning consultant, has drawn a building sketch of what the motel could look like and it is available from Blake & Co, 103 Mount Street, W1, who are handling the auction of the site on 22 June (unless sold earlier).

London Living

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fiona [illegible]rd

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London Letters

We foreigners

How pleasant it is to feel welcome in London at last. True, I did not speak English when I came five years ago, and I now manage in bad American, but there is more to it than that. To begin with, we foreigners still use different gates at the airport on arrival; but it is done less obviously and much quicker than I remember it. We get through as fast as the British!

And is London really swinging? I don't quite understand the expression but certainly everything is brighter, more colourful and alive. But what seduces me the most is the London taxi. It is always there – I haven't tried in the rain – whereas in Paris you must go to a rank or call for one. And, best of all, there is room at the side of the driver and on top for all my musicians' instruments.

The only trouble, of course, is your money. Never will a foreigner feel quite at home because of this complicated system. I discovered it takes me as long to count out change for a taxi driver as it does for me to walk down the corridors to my room in one of your top hotels!

I'm coming back in the autumn, and thanks to this visit, the prospect is infinitely brighter.

Charles Aznavour,
Galluis, Seine et Oise, France

"Soon as possible"

We are being incessantly told that we live in a fast, push-button, "with it" world. There have even been suggestions that we should bury certain articles (a long-playing record of The Beatles, a dish-washing machine, a gonk) from this exciting age, in order that a future generation can excavate examples from our way of life and wonder in awe at the type of "troglodyte" who roamed the Earth in the middle of the 20th century.

But I beg that nobody ever decides to bury a Classified Telephone Directory. For here are 1,180 pages of minutely-printed paper which can only be described as a hindrance to the "go-ahead" life of 1966. An interminable list of firms, factories and emporiums which, although they may supply, manufacture and sell the most efficient articles in everyday use, will, I promise you, never ever deliver anything to anybody in a period laughingly phrased "as soon as possible."

Even now I sit in my office and still wait for J Cloggs & Co, curtain manufacturers, to hang their priceless materials which will shut out the hours of darkness. I am unable to enjoy a pleasant cup of coffee because T Kupp & Sons Ltd, china specialists, are obviously still trying to find Wardour Street. My secretary is practically thigh-deep in papers because I Bleep, stationers, can't seem to produce any more suspension files. I suppose, therefore, I must think myself very lucky I am able to write this letter at all – the pen was a present and the paper was borrowed from another office.

Martin Landau,
Wardour Street, W1

No gimmicks, please

I most violently dislike all artists who refuse to conform to professional standards.

All artists are entitled to put as much into show business as they take out of it. They should at all times show respect, humility and dedication.

I do not like to see success gained through vulgar gimmicks.

Geoffrey Everitt,
Radio Luxembourg

Send 'em home

I am alarmed to read that French motorists can be let loose on our roads, for a year, without any British test initially.

As one who bears his Paris driving scars as bravely as the tortuous memory makes possible, I would like to offer my own humble suggestion.

Send all French drivers in England back to their own country at once. When they return, let's have an enormous fair-ground dodgem booth erected at Dover for them to roar around in. The survivors, and I trust they will be few, could then convalesce with their cars on the landing strip of a disused areodrome with the aid of a British instructor! After which I should be quite happy to see their bright, smiling faces in Piccadilly once again.

Ronald Brewster,
Embercourt Road,
East Molesey, Surrey

Indebted

Thank you for calling my attention to Miss Doreen Wells' forthcoming performance in Messager's ballet, *The Two Pigeons*. This lovely piece has been performed all too little during recent years; it is one of the finest and tenderest ballets I have ever witnessed – both as a dance exercise and as a dramatic allegory. I am indebted to you for drawing my eye to the caption, by running such an enchanting picture of the talented Miss Wells in your 4 June issue.

Giles Hamilton,
Chelsea, SW

Seamen's strike

With the present seamen's strike going on, my worst suspicions are confirmed about the British. We have this terrible cap-touching attitude of always supporting the winning side, authority and the powers-that-be. Most of them don't know a ship from a brown ale, yet they are angry with the sailors and agree with the Shipping Federation which has always got on fine, thank you very much. Even those who belong to trade unions themselves prefer to ignore in just what conditions sailors have to live and work. When Ian Smith does something really treasonable, the same elements who condemn the sailors for holding the country to ransom, will rush to defend the Smith regime.

Can we really claim to be a nation that supports the poor underdog?

S Jordan,
Bayswater, W11

Billy Graham

After reading John McLeod's excellent appraisal of Billy Graham, I have closely followed the events surrounding his visit to London. On television, he said he did not receive a dime or a shilling for what he was doing here, other than his salary which is published annually. The interviewer, to my mind, should then have asked what his salary was, as undoubtedly this must intrigue many. But he did not do so.

Can you tell me, as a point of inconsequential interest, how much Dr Graham's annual salary is?

Jennifer Booth,
Coombe Lane, SW20

The Graham Crusade Office says: Dr Graham's salary is 19,500 dollars a year (£6,986 2s. 5d.)."

Life-girls

So girls are to become lifeguards now at Bournemouth, because it will "attract more holiday-makers." How about bikini-clad beauties on duty at all London's pools to see that no harm befalls the bather out of his depth?

Life-saving is taught in so many girls' schools these days that volunteers would surely not be difficult to find. And think of the young men it would encourage to learn to swim.

Anthony Lorring,
Redcliffe Square, SW10

Basement theatres

Everybody seems to be moaning sentimental twaddle about the knocking down of some old provincial theatres. Remembering these cold, big, draughty buildings with their grubby dressing rooms, I am not one of the moaners. But I would like to see comfortable, modern theatres in the basements of the office blocks that will no doubt go up on the sites. That is the way to help the living theatre survive – not by preserving the ancient but by creating the new. Of course this does not apply to old theatres of real architectural interest. But how many of these are there?

Wendy Craig,
Chiswick

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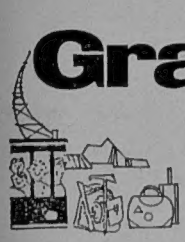

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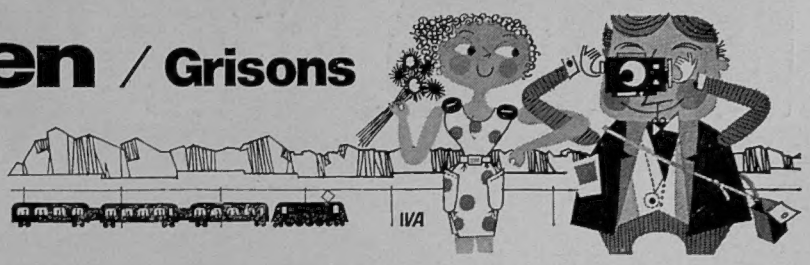

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